

"JOY AND GLADNESS SHALL BE FOUND THEREIN."

Gospel Music

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF

HYMNS AND MELODIES

FOR USE IN

GOSPEL, REVIVAL, PRAYER and SOCIAL MEETINGS,
FAMILY WORSHIP &c.

BY
REV. ROBERT LOWRY & W. HOWARD DOANE

NEW YORK AND CHICAGO:

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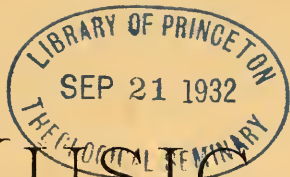
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GOSPEL MUSIC.

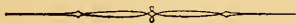
A CHOICE COLLECTION OF

HYMNS AND MELODIES

NEW AND OLD

FOR

GOSPEL, REVIVAL, PRAYER AND SOCIAL MEET-
INGS, FAMILY WORSHIP, Etc.



"Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord."—Eph. v: 19:

"Joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving, and the voice of melody."—Is. li: 3.

By

✓
REV. ROBERT LOWRY AND W. HOWARD DOANE. ✓

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Published by BIGLOW & MAIN,

Successors to WM. B. BRADBURY,

76 EAST NINTH ST., N. Y., 91 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.

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Dedication.

THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO OUR CO-WORKER,
MR. H. THANE MILLER,
BY THE AUTHORS.

PREFACE.

The Ministerial Association of Cincinnati, early in January of this year, inaugurated a series of Union Evangelistic Meetings, and the author of *SONGS OF DEVOTION* was invited to *conduct* the music. The necessity was at once felt of having a collection of *Gospel music* that could be placed in the hands of every attendant at these services, and be of such a varied character, both as to words and music, as would draw the hearts of Christians "Nearer to God," and at the same time awaken the impenitent—songs that would tell "The Old, Old Story"—songs that would quicken the earnest Christian to "Come and Work for Jesus," and "Rescue the Perishing." This collection is now sent forth with the sincere hope and prayer that multitudes, by the blessing of God, through this instrumentality, may be led to pray to be "More Like Jesus," and each one in the heart to feel "I need Thee every Hour," and to exercise saving faith in Christ as their Redeemer, seek comfort and guidance of the *Holy Spirit*, and be brought to know of the great love of God to all mankind.

THE AUTHORS.

CINCINNATI, *February 5th*, 1877.

ELECTROTYPED AT
FRANKLIN TYPE FOUNDRY,
CINCINNATI.

GOSPEL MUSIC.

Praise ye the Lord. Sing unto the Lord a new song, and praise him in the congregation of saints.—Ps. cxlix: 1.

No. 1. SWEET MOMENTS OF PRAYER.

"There I will meet with Thee and commune."—Exod. xxv: 22.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

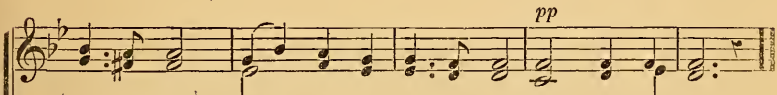
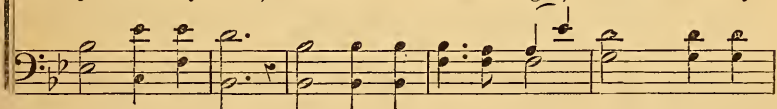
Gently.



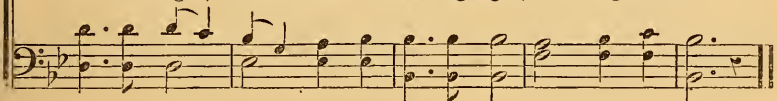
1. Here from the world we turn, Jesus to seek; Here may His loving voice
2. Come, Ho-ly Comfort-er, Presence di-vine, Now in our longing hearts
3. Savior, Thy work revive, Here may we see Those who are dead in sin



Ten - der-ly speak; Je - sus, our dear-est friend, While at Thy
Gra - ciously shine; Oh, for Thy mighty Power, Oh, for a
Quickened by Thee; Come in our midst to-night, Make ev - ery



feet we bend, Oh, let Thy smile descend, 'Tis Thee we seek.
blessed shower, Fill-ing this hallowed hour With joy di-vine.
bur - den light, Cheer thou our waiting sight, We long for Thee.



No. 2.

REST IN THEE.

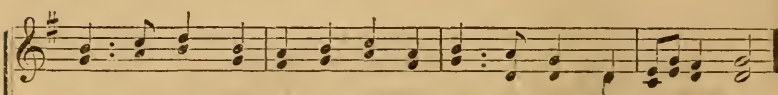
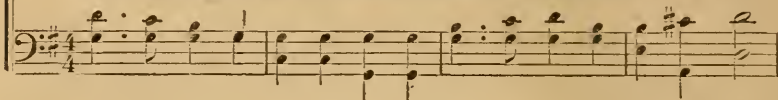
"That in me ye might have peace."—John xvi: 33.

E. TURNEY, D. D.

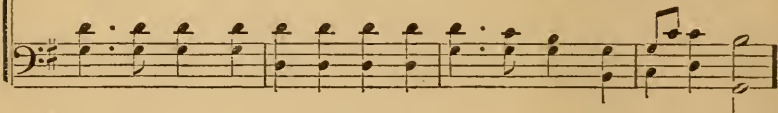
R. LOWRY, by per.



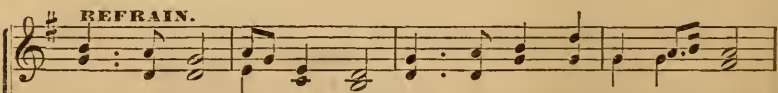
1. Bless-ed Je - sus, blessed Je - sus, Thou who gav'st Thyself for me,
2. Hope of all the meek and lowly, Thou my hope and joy shalt be;
3. Draw me from each sinful striving; From myself, oh, set me free;
4. High-est, purest, sweetest pleasure, Shall Thy service bring to me;



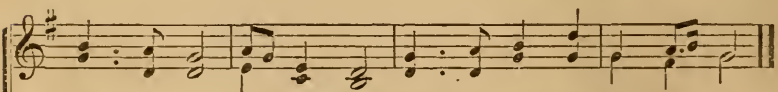
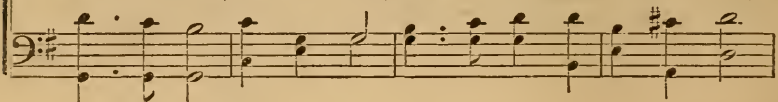
Leave me not in sin to wan-der; Bid me come and rest in Thee.
 Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, Bid me come and rest in Thee.
 Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, Bid me come and rest in Thee.
 Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, Bid me come and rest in Thee.



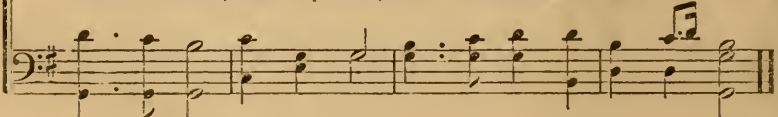
REFRAIN.



Rest in Thee; rest in Thee; Bid me come and rest in Thee;



Rest in Thee, rest in Thee; Bid me come and rest in Thee.



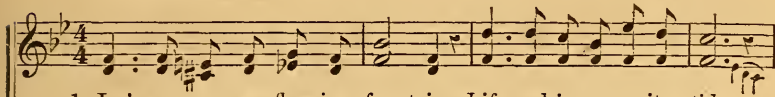
No. 3.

THE LIVING FOUNTAIN.

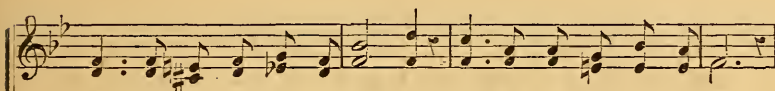
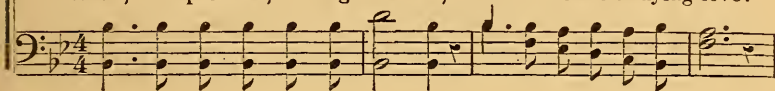
"I will give of the Fountain of Life freely."—Rev. xxi: 6.

DR. C. R. BLACKALL.

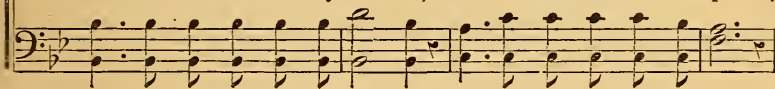
W. H. DOANE, by per.



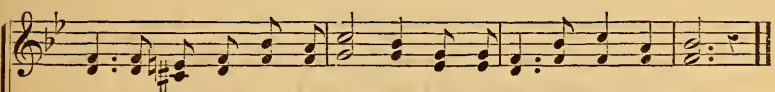
1. Lo! an ev - er flow-ing fountain, Life and joy upon its tide,
2. He in - vites us to this fountain, He is rea-dy, life to give,
3. Oh, this 'precious, liv - ing fountain, Of our Lord's undying love!



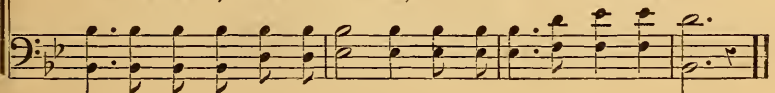
Mak - ing green the a - rid des - ert, Spreading blessing far and wide!
 Who - so - ev - er will may take it, Who - so - ev - er will may live!
 I would hold it as my treasure, And its sweetness constant prove;



Full a - bundant is the measure, Precious gift, so pure and free,
 I will heed His kind en-treat-ing, I will yield to Him to-day,
 I would nev - er, nev - er wan - der In - to des - ert pla - ces wild,



Je - sus gave it— I may take it, And for - ev - er hap - py be!
 I am sure that He'll receive me, No one yet was turned a-way.
 I would listen, while He calls me, I would ev - er be His child.

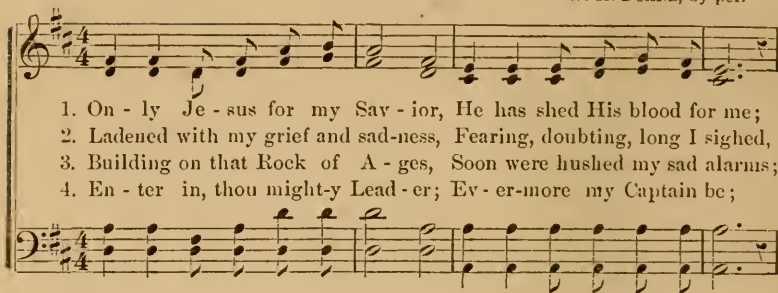


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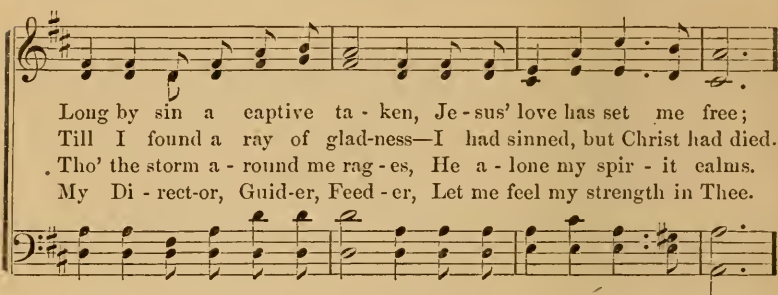
ONLY JESUS.

"Besides me there is no Savior."—Isa. xliii: 11.

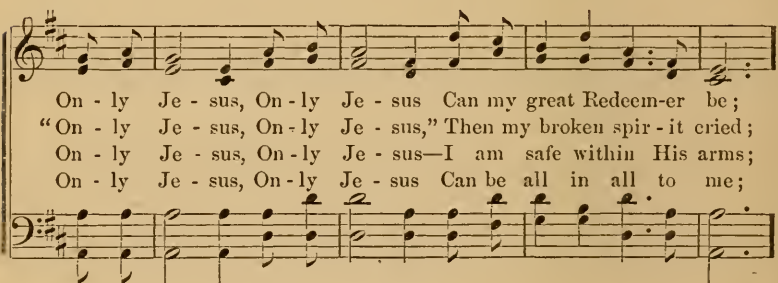
W. H. DOANE, by per.



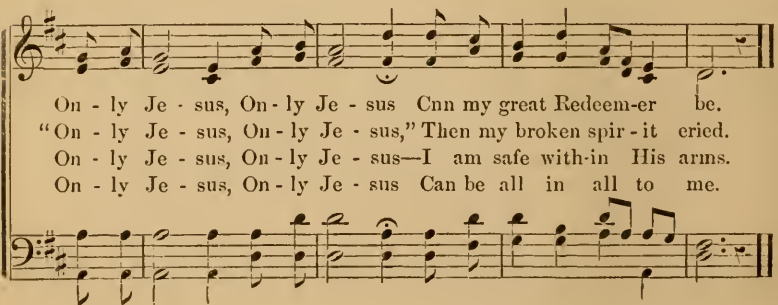
1. On - ly Je - sus for my Sav - ior, He has shed His blood for me;
 2. Ladened with my grief and sad-ness, Fearing, doubting, long I sighed,
 3. Building on that Rock of A - ges, Soon were hushed my sad alarms;
 4. En - ter in, thou might-y Lead - er; Ev - er-more my Captain be;



Long by sin a captive ta - ken, Je - sus' love has set me free;
 Till I found a ray of glad-ness—I had sinned, but Christ had died.
 Tho' the storm a - round me rag - es, He a - lone my spir - it calms.
 My Di - rect-or, Guid-er, Feed - er, Let me feel my strength in Thee.



On - ly Je - sus, On - ly Je - sus Can my great Redeem-er be;
 "On - ly Je - sus, On - ly Je - sus," Then my broken spir - it cried;
 On - ly Je - sus, On - ly Je - sus—I am safe within His arms;
 On - ly Je - sus, On - ly Je - sus Can be all in all to me;



On - ly Je - sus, On - ly Je - sus Cnn my great Redeem-er be.
 "On - ly Je - sus, On - ly Je - sus," Then my broken spir - it cried.
 On - ly Je - sus, On - ly Je - sus—I am safe with-in His arms.
 On - ly Je - sus, On - ly Je - sus Can be all in all to me.

HATTIE M. CONREY.

"Come unto me."—Matt. xi: 28.

R. LOWRY, by per.

1. O Lord, a - wakened by Thy word, I come to Thee;
 2. Now let me hear Thy pard'ning voice; O Lord, for-give;
 3. Help now, O Lord, my un - be - lief; Now I be-lieve;
 4. The rem-nant of my days is Thine; Oh, take me Lord;

Oh, let my fee - ble prayer be heard—I come to Thee;
 Oh, bid my ach-ing heart re-joice; O Lord, for-give;
 Tho' of all sin-ners I am chief, Now I be-lieve;
 My time and tal-ents are not mine; Oh, take me, Lord;

I have no mer - it of my own, But by Thy blood Thou
 Seal me this day for - ev - er Thine, And in my soul let
 Now, Lord, what wilt thou have me do? My path of du - ty
 Help me to tell to sin - ners dear That Christ is pre - cious

didst a-tone; Help me to trust in Thee a - lone—I come to Thee.
 glo - ry shine, And tell me Je-sus Christ is mine—O Lord, forgive.
 plainly show, And I will fol-low as I know—Now I believe.
 and is near, That He a simple prayer will hear—Oh, take me, Lord.

No. 6.

THE VOICE OF MERCY.

"With great mercy will I gather thee."—Isa. lix: 7.

DR. C. R. BLACKALL.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Lift up thine eyes, weary pris'ner, Heav-y burdened, Jesus calls thee,
 2. Come back to Him, weary wand'rer, Deep in sor-row, Jesus loves thee,
 3. Look up to Him, thou enslaved one, Helpless, dy-ing, Jesus bought thee,

In words of love gently plead-ing, He now would make you free.
 Oh, haste to Him who can save you, The way is sure and free.
 His life a ran-som hath giv-en, From sin to make you free.

REFRAIN.

Oh, list to the pleadings of mercy, Calling so gently, Come, come to-day.

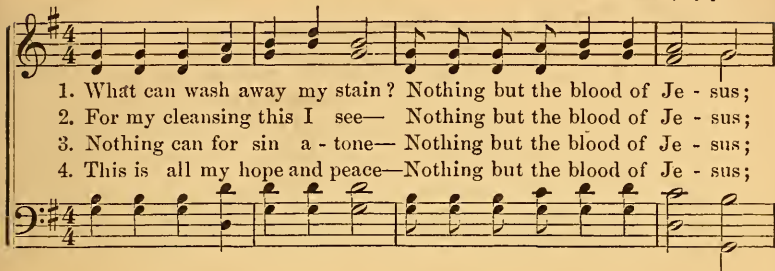
Oh yield to the Friend that invites thee From sin and death a-way.

No. 7. NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

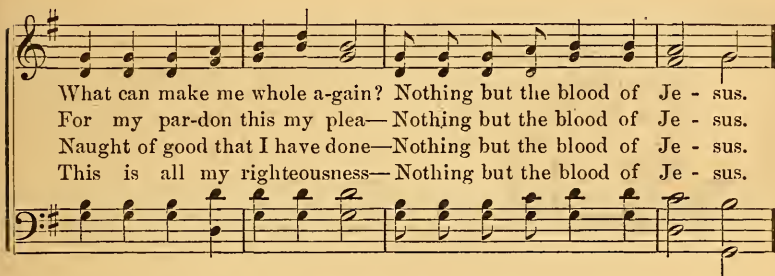
"Without shedding of blood is no remission."—Heb. ix: 22.

R. L.

R. LOWRY, by per.

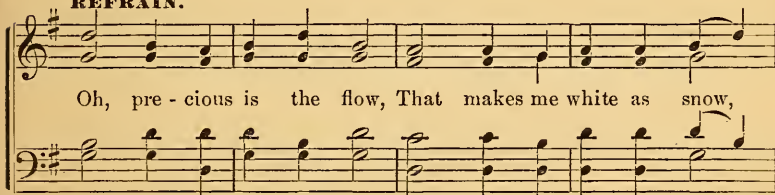


1. What can wash away my stain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
2. For my cleansing this I see— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
3. Nothing can for sin a - tone— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
4. This is all my hope and peace—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;

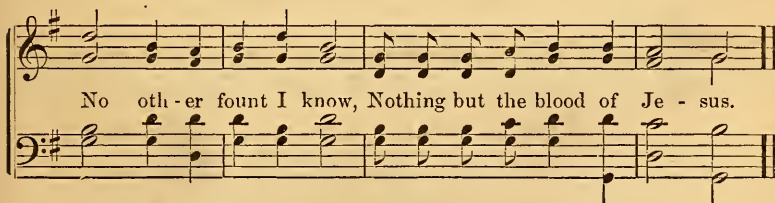


What can make me whole a-gain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
For my par-don this my plea— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
Naught of good that I have done—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
This is all my righteousness— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

REFRAIN.



Oh, pre - cious is the flow, That makes me white as snow,



No oth - er fount I know, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

5 Now by this I'll overcome—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Now by this I'll reach my home—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

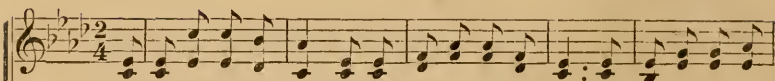
6 Glory! glory! thus I sing—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
All my praise for this I bring—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

No. 8.

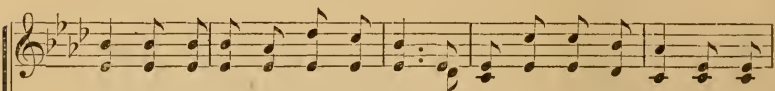
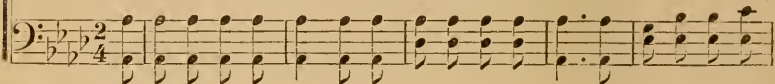
THE PENITENT'S PRAYER.

"Thy face, Lord, will I seek."—Ps. xxvii : 8.

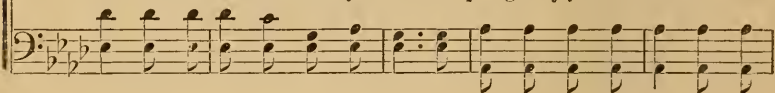
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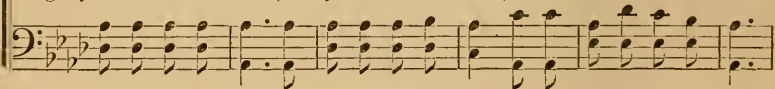
1. O meek and gentle Savior, Thou badst me seek thy face ; And yet how long I
2. I'm kneeling at the fountain, I plunge beneath the wave ; I know its cleansing
3. O precious, precious promise, That whosoever will, May drink the living



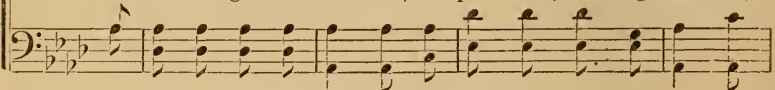
slighted The message of thy grace ! I heard thy voice and trembled, But
waters Thro' faith in Christ will save ; I feel my bur-den light-er, My
wa - ter That floweth free-ly still ! O spring of joy e - tern-al ! I'll



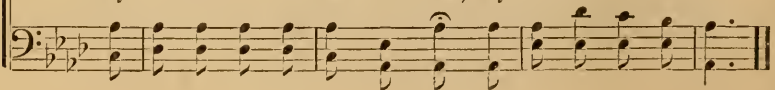
still refused to pray ; And by neglect I answered, For this time go thy way.
heavy load of sin ; The narrow gate is op - en ; With joy I enter in.
sing thy wonders o'er. When, in my Father's mansion, I'll drink, and thirst no more.

**CHORUS.**

O meek and gen - tle Sav - ior, O pa - tient, lov - ing Sav - ior,



My stubborn heart is melt - ed now, My heart is melt-ed now.



"Hearken to my voice."—Exod. xviii : 19.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. There's a gen-tle voice with-in calls a - way, (calls a - way,) 'Tis a
But my heart is melt-ed now, I o - bey, (I o - bey,) From my
2. He has promised all my sins to for-give, (to for-give,) If I
In His ho - ly word I learn how to live, (how to live,) And to

1st. 2d. CHORUS.

warning I have heard o'er and o'er, (o'er and o'er);
Sav - ior I will wander no more. } Yes, I will go,
ask in simple faith for His love, (for His love);
la - bor for His kingdom a - - - - - bove. } Yes, I will go,

yes, I will go; To Je - sus I will go and be saved;

Yes, I will go, yes, I will go; To Je - sus I will go and be saved.

- 3 I will try to bear the cross in my youth,
And be faithful to its cause till I die;
If with cheerful step I walk in the truth,
I shall wear a starry crown by and by.
- 4 Still the gentle voice within calls away,
And its warning I have heard o'er and o'er;
But my heart is melted now, I obey;
From my Savior I will wander no more.

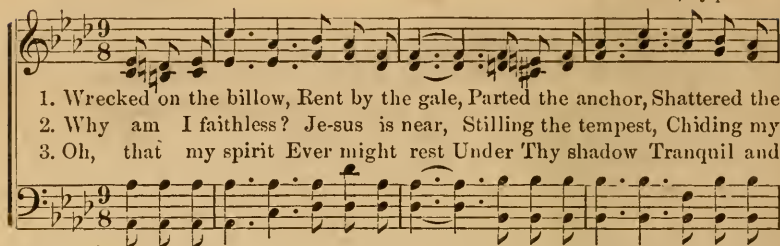
No. 10.

SAVE, OR I PERISH.

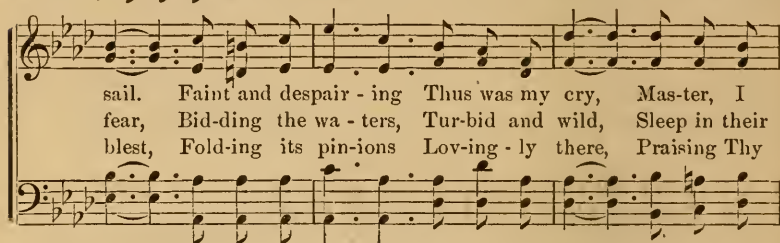
"And they came unto Him, and awoke Him, saying, Master, Master, we perish."—Luke viii: 24.

FANNY CROSBY.

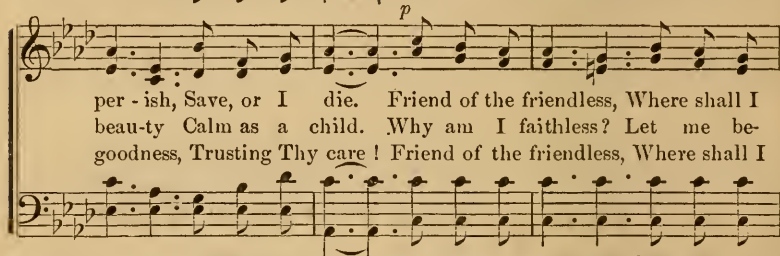
W. H. DOANE, by per.



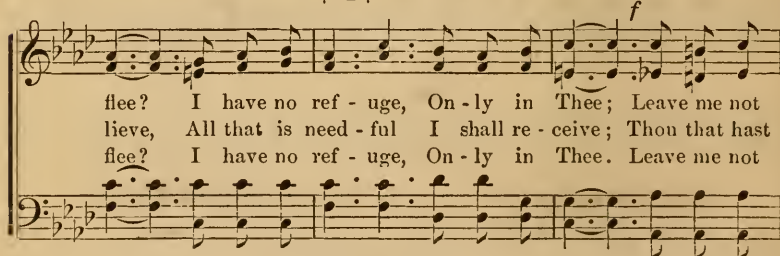
1. Wrecked on the billow, Rent by the gale, Parted the anchor, Shattered the
 2. Why am I faithless? Je-sus is near, Stilling the tempest, Chiding my
 3. Oh, that my spirit Ever might rest Under Thy shadow Tranquil and



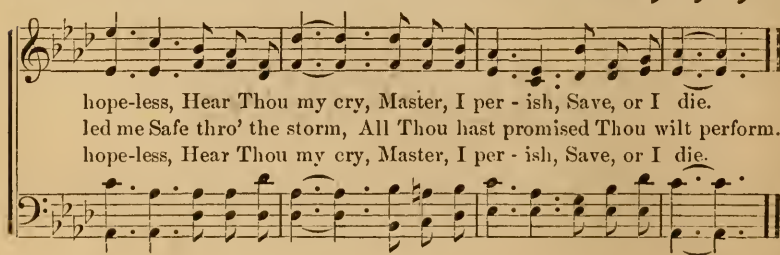
sail. Faint and despair - ing Thus was my cry, Mas-ter, I
 fear, Bid-ding the wa - ters, Tur-bid and wild, Sleep in their
 blest, Fold-ing its pin-ions Lov-ing - ly there, Praising Thy



per - ish, Save, or I die. Friend of the friendless, Where shall I
 beau-ty Calm as a child. Why am I faithless? Let me be-
 goodness, Trusting Thy care! Friend of the friendless, Where shall I



flee? I have no ref - uge, On - ly in Thee; Leave me not
 lieve, All that is need - ful I shall re - ceive; Thou that hast
 flee? I have no ref - uge, On - ly in Thee. Leave me not



hope-less, Hear Thou my cry, Master, I per - ish, Save, or I die.
 led me Safe thro' the storm, All Thou hast promised Thou wilt perform.
 hope-less, Hear Thou my cry, Master, I per - ish, Save, or I die.

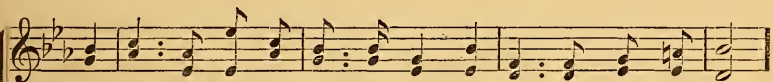
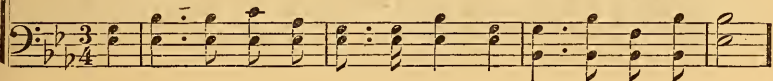
No. 11. THE HALF CAN NEVER BE TOLD.

"The half was never told me."—1 Kings x: 7.

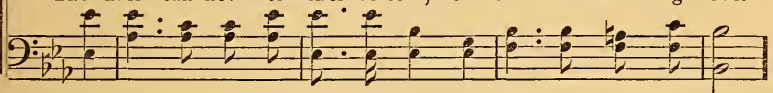
W. H. D., by per.



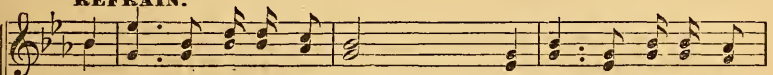
1. God's ten - der mer - cy far exceeds The utmost power of thought;
2. His good - ness still prolongs my life, And fol - lows all my way,
3. O wond'rous grace that saves me now, The gift of God to me,
4. A - maz - ing, con - descending love, That can - cels all my sin;
5. When safe at home with Christ, our Lord, Among the saints a - bove,



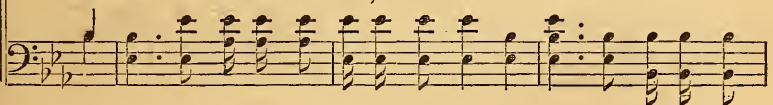
That mer - cy from the brink of woe My wand'ring soul hath brought.
And grants me blessings from a - bove More plenteous ev - ery day.
How shall I praise Him for a gift So boundless, full and free.
I would proclaim Thy matchless power, But where shall I be - gin?
The half can nev - er then be told, Of ev - er - last - ing love.



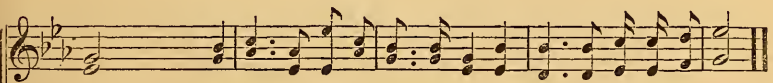
REFRAIN.



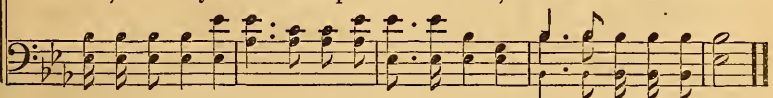
The half can never be told, The half can nev - er be



The half can nev - er, can nev - er be told, can



told, My soul with rapture cries aloud, The half can never be told.

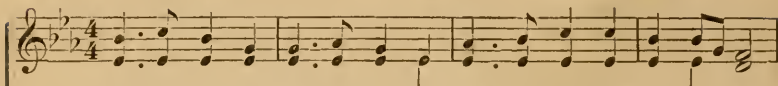


never be told,

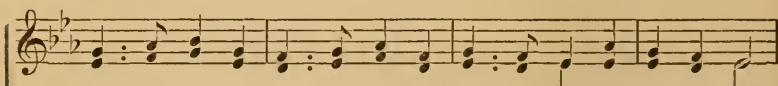
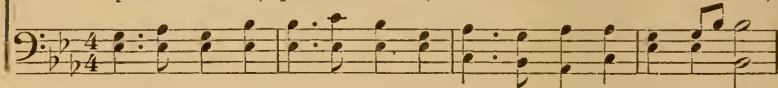
"Speaking the truth in love."—Eph. iv: 15.

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS.

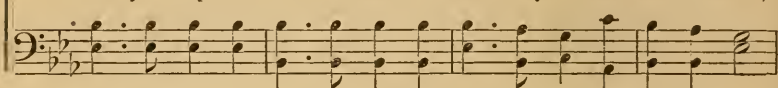
REV. R. LOWRY, by per.



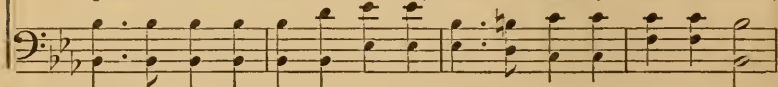
1. Speak for Je-sus, speak for Je-sus, Have you not a word to say?
2. Speak for Je-sus, speak for Je-sus, 'Tis a lit - tle thing to do;
3. Speak for Je-sus, speak for Je-sus, You who know His love revealed,



Just a lit - tle word for Je-sus? Speak it, speak it while you may;
 But, to give you sweet oc - ca - sion, Once He gave His life for you;
 Tho' your lips un - til this moment Nev - er yet have been unsealed;



Ah, how soon the lips may whiten, And the tongue re - fuse to tell
 Yes, and now He sends the Spir - it, Whisp'ring to your in-most soul;
 Speak the blessed "Whoso - ev - er," Bid the hea - vy - la - den come;



How He sought you, how He saved you, How He loved you—oh, so well!
 Speak for Je - sus, speak for Je - sus, Let His love your lips control.
 Just these lit - tle words for Je - sus Bring the weary wand'rer home.

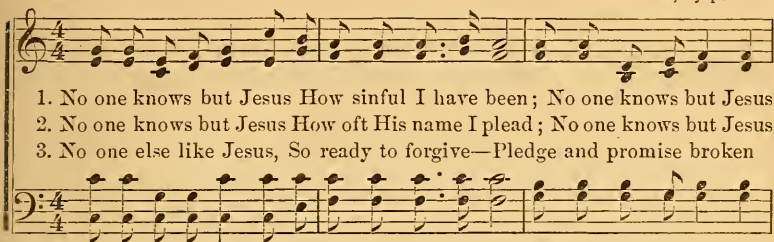


No. 13. NO ONE KNOWS BUT JESUS.

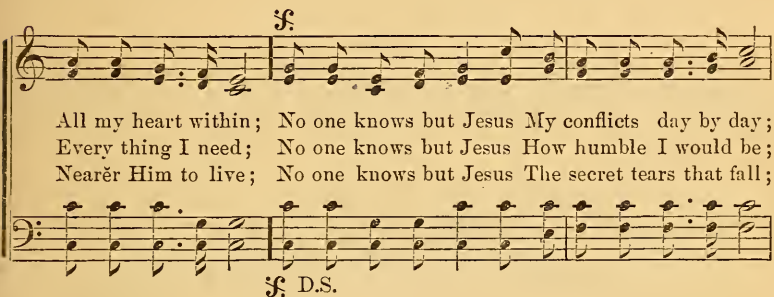
"O Lord, Thou knowest."—Ps. xl: 9.

W. H. D.

W. H. DOANE, by per.



1. No one knows but Jesus How sinful I have been ; No one knows but Jesus
 2. No one knows but Jesus How oft His name I plead ; No one knows but Jesus
 3. No one else like Jesus, So ready to forgive—Pledge and promise broken



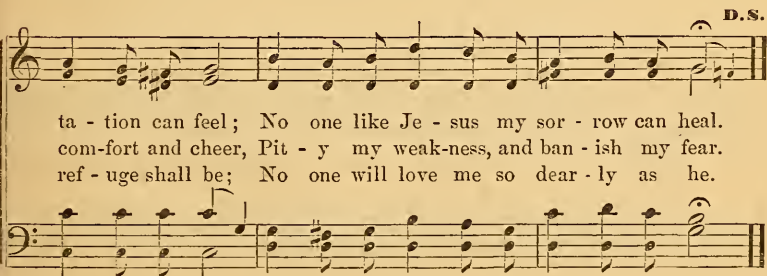
All my heart within ; No one knows but Jesus My conflicts day by day ;
 Every thing I need ; No one knows but Jesus How humble I would be ;
 Nearër Him to live ; No one knows but Jesus The secret tears that fall ;

D.S.



FINE.

No one like Je - sus guid - eth my way. No . one like Je - sus Temp -
 No one like Je - sus car - eth for me. No one like Je - sus Will
 No one like Je - sus hears when I call. No one but Je - sus My



D.S.

ta - tion can feel ; No one like Je - sus my sor - row can heal.
 com-fort and cheer, Pit - y my weak-ness, and ban - ish my fear.
 ref - uge shall be ; No one will love me so dear - ly as he.

No. 14.

OVERFLOWING EVER.

"With thee is the fountain of life."—Psa. xxxvi: 9.

E. F. C. H.

R. LOWRY, by per.

1. Lo! a fount-ain full and free, O - ver-flow - ing ev - er;
 2. List the mur-mur that it speaks, O - ver-flow - ing ev - er;
 3. Bless-ed fount! the pur-est known, O - ver-flow - ing ev - er;

Faint-ing heart, it is for thee, O - ver-flow - ing ev - er;
 On the soul in song it breaks, O - ver-flow - ing ev - er;
 Stream of life from out God's throne, O - ver-flow - ing ev - er;

REFRAIN.

Gushing, sparkling, nev-er still, Taste its sweetness, drink thy fill.
 Sing-ing, soothing souls to ease, Mu - sic of all mel-o-dies. O - ver-
 Sa - cred blood for sinners spilt, This can cleanse away thy guilt.

flow-ing, o-verflow-ing ev - er, O - ver - flowing, Flowing now for thee.

No. 15.

TRUSTING JESUS.

F. C.

"I will trust in thee."—Psa. xxv: 2.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Sim-ply trust-ing all the way, Tak-ing Je - sus at His word;
 2. Trusting when my sky is bright, Trusting when my heart is glad;
 3. Trusting when 'tis well with me, Trusting what - so - e'er be - fall;
 4. Trusting, tho' my strength may fail, Trusting when the light is dim;
 5. Trusting when my sky is bright, Trusting when the clouds descend;

Sim-ply trust-ing, when I pray, Ev - ery prom - ise of my Lord.
 Trusting in the gloom of night, When its ev - ery chord is sad.
 Trusting Je - sus' love for me; Sim-ply trust-ing, that is all.
 Trusting till with - in the vale, I shall an - chor safe with-in.
 Trusting in the gloom of night—Sim-ply trust-ing to the end.

REFRAIN.

Sim-ply trust-ing, Sim-ply trusting, Trusting Je - sus, that is all.

To the cross of Christ I cling, Sim-ply trust-ing, that is all.

No. 16. TAKE THE WINGS OF THE MORNING.

"If I take the wings of the morning."—Psalm cxxxix: 9.

R. LOWRY, by per.

Allegro.

1. Take the wings of the morning; speed quickly thy flight To Jesus, thy
 2. Fly a - way to thy Sav-ior, He waits to for - give; One look of His
 3. On the wings of the morn-ing fly home to his breast—There only thy

Savior, thy hope and thy light; The fount of His mercy is open for thee,
 love, and thy spirit shall live; Thy faith will secure thee His blessing divine;
 refuge, there only thy rest; The moments are precious, the noontide is near;

REFRAIN.

Go wash and be cleansed in its waters so free.
 Go plead thon His merits, and peace will be thine. Take the wings of the morning and
 Fly home to thy Savior, oh, linger not here.

Dim.

Tempo.

fly, . . . Ere the darkness shall cover the sky; . . . Fly a -
 homeward now fly, shall cover the sky;

way from the shadows that over thee roll, And find in thy Savior the home of thy soul.

No. 17.

TILL THE SAVIOR COMES.

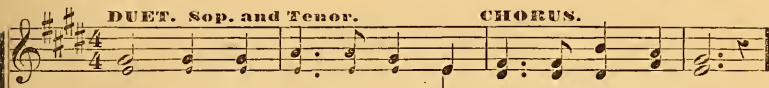
Miss KATE SMILEY.

"I will come again."—John xiv: 3.

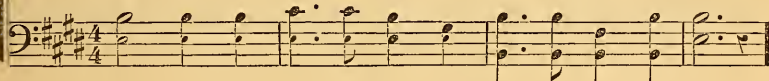
W. H. DOANE, by per.

DUET. Sop. and Tenor.

CHORUS.



1. Bright till our Lord's re - turn - ing, Till the Sav - ior comes;
2. Why should our hearts grow wea - ry Till the Sav - ior comes?
3. Watch, while our bur - den bear - ing, Till the Sav - ior comes;
4. Count ev - ery pain a pleas - ure, Till the Sav - ior comes;
5. Love be our joy - ful sto - ry, Till the Sav - ior comes,—



DUET.

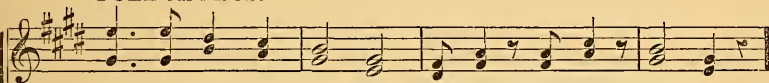
CHORUS.



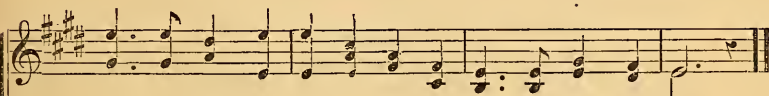
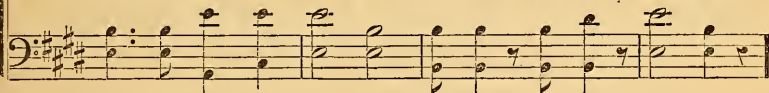
- Oh, may our lamps be burn - ing, Till the Sav - ior comes.
 Why should our way be drear - y Till the Sav - ior comes?
 Pray, while our la - bor shar - ing, Till the Sav - ior comes.
 Trust for our heavenly treas - ure Till the Sav - ior comes.
 Love and our home in glo - ry, Till the Sav - ior comes.



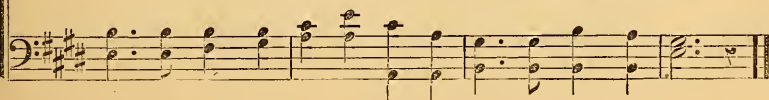
FULL CHORUS.



Here in sweet com - mun - ion, Watching, wait - ing ev - er,



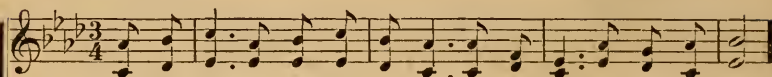
Let us dwell in bonds of un - ion Till the Sav - ior comes.



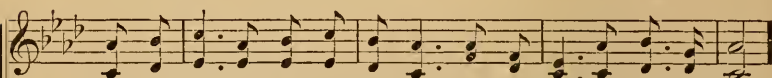
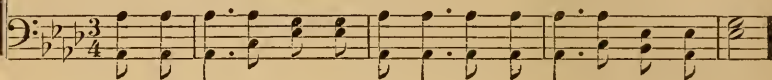
"They saw no man, save Jesus only."—Matt. xvii : 8.

HATTIE M. CONREY.

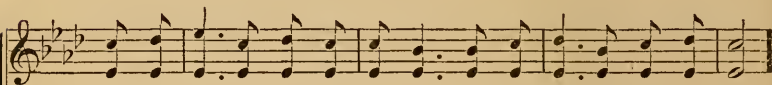
R. LOWRY, by per.



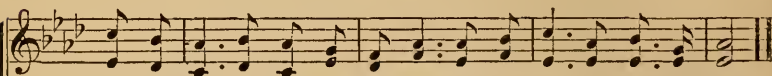
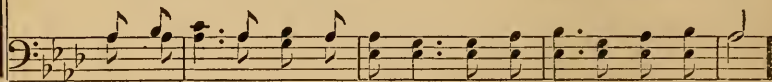
1. What tho' clouds are hov'ring o'er me, And I seem to walk a - lone—
2. What tho' all my earthly journey Bringeth naught but weary hours,
3. What tho' all my heart is yearning For the loved of long a - go—
4. When I soar to realms of glo - ry, And an entrance I a - wait,



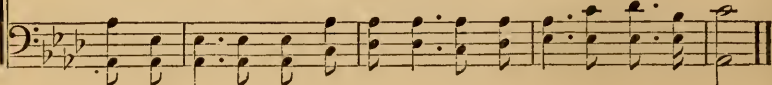
Longing, 'mid my cares and cross-es For the joys that now are flown—
 And, in grasping for life's ros-es, Thorns I find instead of flow'rs—
 Bit - ter les-sons sad-ly learning From the shadowy page of woe—
 If I whisper, "Je-sus on - ly!" Wide will ope the pearly gate;



If I've Je - sus, "Je-sus on - ly," Then my sky shall have a gem;
 If I've Je - sus, "Je-sus on - ly," I pos-sess a cluster rare;
 If I've Je - sus, "Je-sus on - ly," He'll be with me to the end;
 When I join the heavenly cho - rus, And the an - gel hosts I see,



He's a Sun of brightest splendor, And the Star of Beth-le - hem.
 He's the "Lil - y of the Valley," And the "Rose of Sharon" fair.
 And, un - seen by mor - tal vis - ion, An - gel bands will o'er me bend.
 Pre-cious Je - sus, "Je-sus on - ly," Will my theme of rap-ture be.

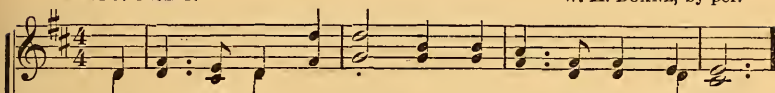


No. 19. JUST A WORD FOR JESUS.

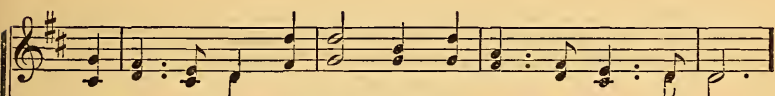
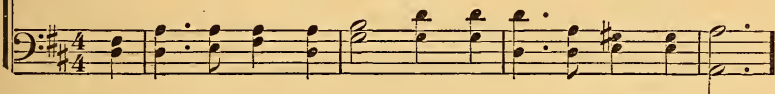
"Wilt thou not tell."—Ezek. xxiv: 19.

FANNY J. CROSBY.


W. H. DOANE, by per.



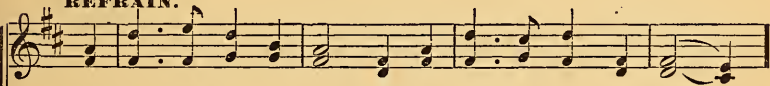
1. Now just a word for Je - sus; Your dearest friend so true;
2. Now just a word for Je - sus; You feel your sins forgiven,
3. Now just a word for Je - sus; A cross it can not be
4. Now just a word for Je - sus; Let not the time be lost;
5. Now just a word for Je - sus; And if your faith be dim,



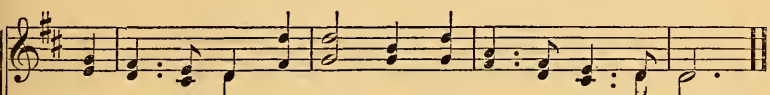
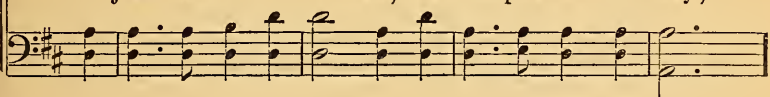
Come, cheer our hearts and tell us What He has done for you.
And by His grace are striv - ing To reach a home in heaven
To say I love my Sa - vior Who gave His life for me.
The heart's neglect - ed du - ty Brings sor - row to its cost.
A - rise in all your weakness, And leave the rest to Him.



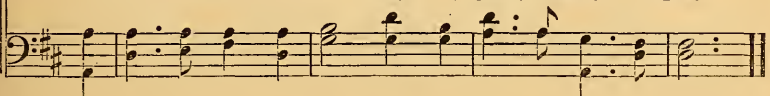
REFRAIN.



Now just a word for Je - sus, 'Twill help us on our way;

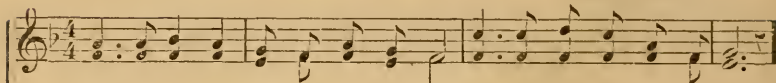


One lit - tle word for Je - sus, Oh, speak, or sing, or pray.

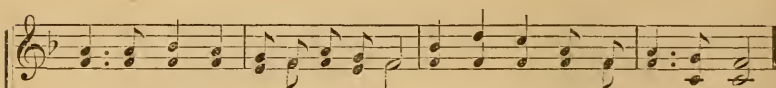
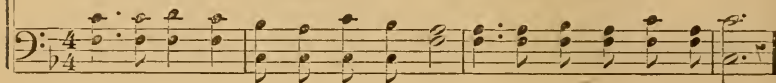


"Every man shall receive according to his labor."—1 Cor. iii: 8.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

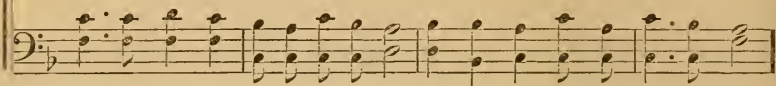
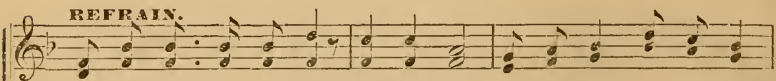


1. Master, in the vineyard of Thy love, Hast Thou not a place for me?
2. I may tell a wear-y, fainting soul, Of the crimson fountain side,
3. Tho' among the thorns Thou bid'st me toil, If Thy hand direct me there,
4. Kindly words like precious seed doth fall, I may scatter as I go;

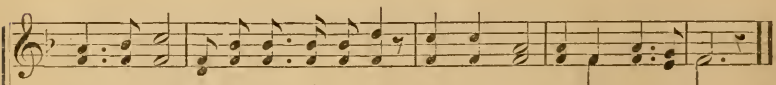
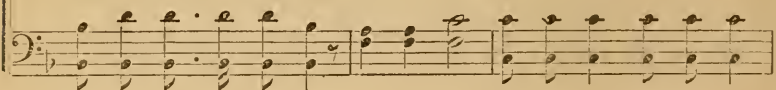


Wheresoe'er Thy guardian spirit leads, Gladly there I will fol-low Thee.
 I may bring a wanderer to the cross, Precious cross, where the Savior died.
 I shall know my work is not in vain, While the light of Thy love I see.

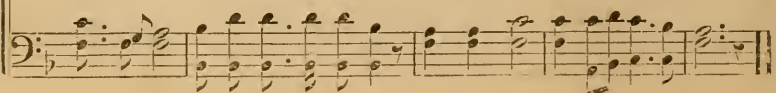
Cheered and strengthened by the dew of prayer, Golden fruit from the germ may grow.

**REFRAIN.**

A - ny-where to la - bor, Lord, for Thee, A - nywhere, a - nywhere,



sweet 'twill be, Anywhere to labor, Lord, for Thee, Only comfort me.



No. 21.

LINGER NO LONGER.

"Therefore will the Lord wait, that he may be gracious unto you."—Isa. xxx: 18.

R. LOWRY, by per.

1. Ling-er no longer; Mercy is waiting for thee; Sin will grow stronger;
 2. Wealth without measure, Honor and famethou may'st see; No earthly treasure
 3. Tho' like a mountain, Sin on thy conscience should be, Cometo the fountain

Now from its ty - ran - ny flee; The world that is smil - ing, so
 Ev - er can sat - is - fy thee; Thy rich - est pos - ses - sions de -
 Opened at Cal - va - ry; Thou needest no lon - ger from

cheerful and gay, From Je - sus is lead - ing thee far - ther a - way.
 lusive will prove, But wealth that en - dur - eth is laid up a - bove.
 hap - pi - ness roam, The Sav - ior is wait - ing to wel - come thee home.

REFRAIN.

Turn from thy straying, No longer delaying; Heaven opens for thee—

Turn from thy straying, No longer delaying; Heaven opens for thee.

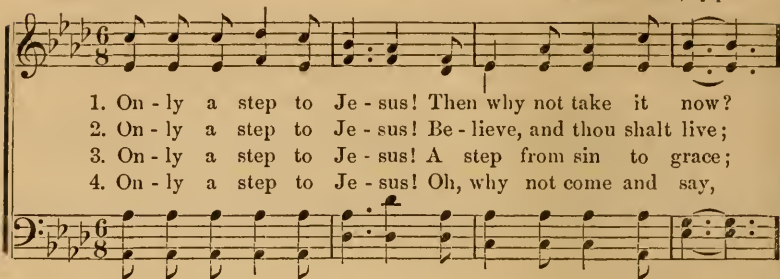
No. 22.

ONLY A STEP TO JESUS.

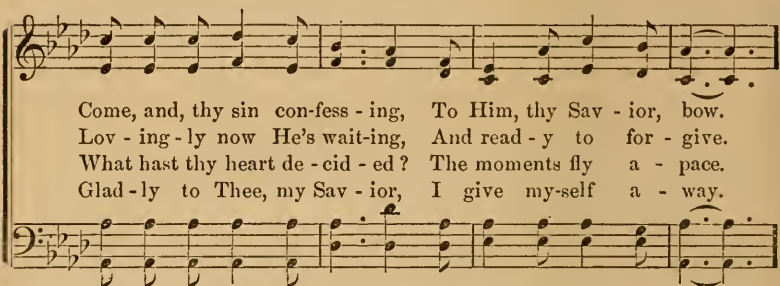
"Then come thou, for there is peace."—1 Sam. xx: 21.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

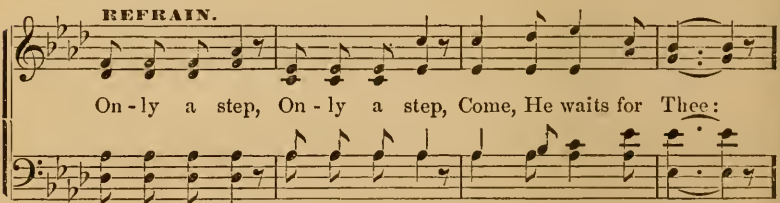


1. On - ly a step to Je - sus! Then why not take it now?
 2. On - ly a step to Je - sus! Be - lieve, and thou shalt live;
 3. On - ly a step to Je - sus! A step from sin to grace;
 4. On - ly a step to Je - sus! Oh, why not come and say,

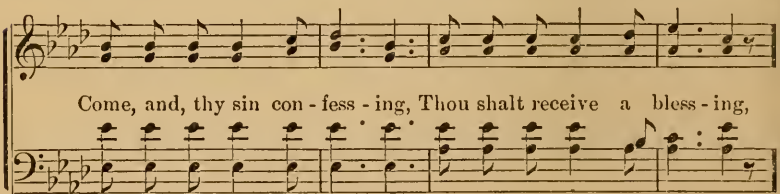


Come, and, thy sin con - fess - ing, To Him, thy Sav - ior, bow.
 Lov - ing - ly now He's wait - ing, And read - y to for - give.
 What hast thy heart de - cid - ed? The moments fly a - pace.
 Glad - ly to Thee, my Sav - ior, I give my - self a - way.

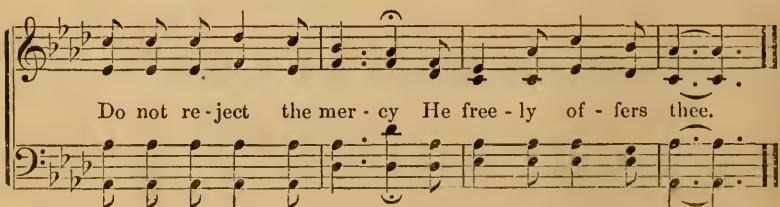
REFRAIN.



On - ly a step, On - ly a step, Come, He waits for Thee:



Come, and, thy sin con - fess - ing, Thou shalt receive a bless - ing,



Do not re - ject the mer - cy He free - ly of - fers thee.

"If any man serve me, let him follow me."—John xii : 26.

MRS. ANNIE S. HAWKS.

R. LOWRY, by per.

1. Who'll be the next to follow Jesus? Who'll be the next His cross to bear?
 2. Who'll be the next to follow Jesus—Fol - low His weary, bleeding feet?
 3. Who'll be the next to follow Jesus? Who'll be the next to praise His name?
 4. Who'll be the next to follow Jesus, Down thro' the Jordan's rolling tide?

Some one is ready, some one is waiting, Who'll be the next a crown to wear?
 Who'll be the next to lay every bur-den Down at the Father's mercy seat?
 Who'll swell the chorus of free redemption—Sing hallelujah ! praise the Lamb?
 Who'll be the next to join with the ransomed, Singing upon the other side?

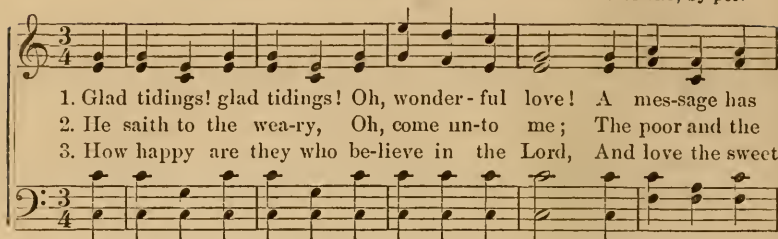
REFRAIN.

Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?

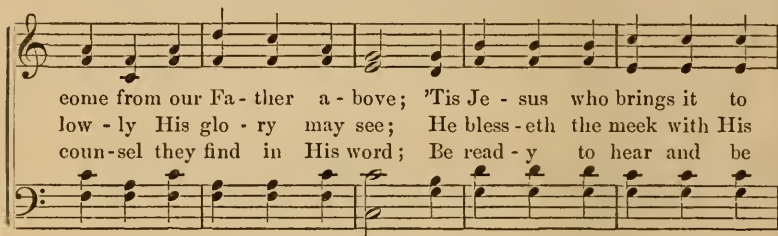
Who'll be the next to fol-low Je - sus now? Fol-low Je - sus now.

"Shewing the glad tidings of the kingdom of God."—Luke viii: 1.

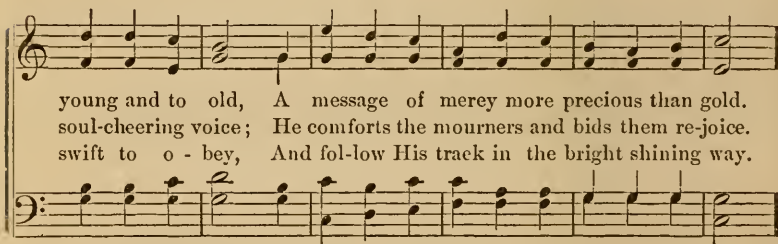
R. LOWRY, by per.



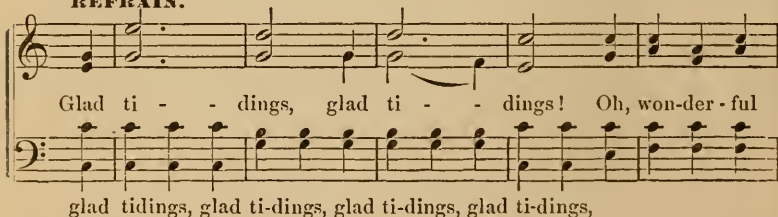
1. Glad tidings! glad tidings! Oh, wonder - ful love! A mes-sage has
 2. He saith to the wea-ry, Oh, come un-to me; The poor and the
 3. How happy are they who be-lieve in the Lord, And love the sweet



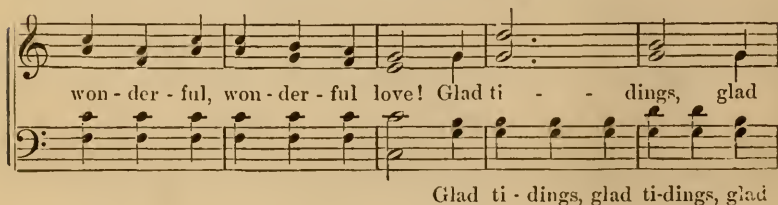
come from our Fa-ther a - bove; 'Tis Je - sus who brings it to
 low - ly His glo - ry may see; He bless - eth the meek with His
 coun-sel they find in His word; Be read - y to hear and be



young and to old, A message of merey more precious than gold.
 soul-cheering voice; He comforts the mourners and bids them re-joice.
 swift to o - bey, And fol-low His track in the bright shining way.

REFRAIN.


Glad ti - - dings, glad ti - - dings! Oh, won-der - ful
 glad tidings, glad ti-dings, glad ti-dings, glad ti-dings,



won - der - ful, won - der - ful love! Glad ti - - dings, glad
 Glad ti - dings, glad ti-dings, glad

GLAD TIDINGS. Concluded.

ti - - dings! We hail the glad ti-dings of won-der-ful love.

tidings, glad tidings!

This musical score is for the song 'GLAD TIDINGS. Concluded.' It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'ti - - dings! We hail the glad ti-dings of won-der-ful love. tidings, glad tidings!'.

No. 25.

IN TIME OF NEED.

"Find grace to help in time of need."—Heb. iv: 16.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

R. LOWRY, by per.

1. Were it not for Thee, my Savior, Were it not for Thee, Advo-cate and
2. Were it not for that love and mercy With my Lord abide, When my conscience
3. Were it not that Thou hast promised Freely to forgive, In the face of
4. If there were no cross uplifted High on Cavalry, There would be no

This musical score is for the song 'IN TIME OF NEED.' It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: '1. Were it not for Thee, my Savior, Were it not for Thee, Advo-cate and 2. Were it not for that love and mercy With my Lord abide, When my conscience 3. Were it not that Thou hast promised Freely to forgive, In the face of 4. If there were no cross uplifted High on Cavalry, There would be no'.

CHORUS.

In - ter - ces - sor, Where would I be?
is o'er - tak - en, Where should I hide? How could I do without Thee,
my transgressions How could I live?
hope of par-don, No heaven for me.

This musical score is for the Chorus of the song 'IN TIME OF NEED.' It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: 'In - ter - ces - sor, Where would I be? is o'er - tak - en, Where should I hide? How could I do without Thee, my transgressions How could I live? hope of par-don, No heaven for me.'

Savior and friend? Thou art my on - ly ref - uge Safe to the end.

This musical score is for the final line of the song 'IN TIME OF NEED.' It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: 'Savior and friend? Thou art my on - ly ref - uge Safe to the end.'

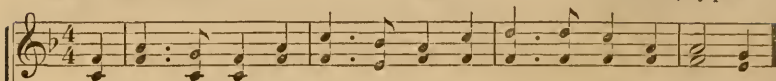
No. 26.

WHY WEEPEST THOU?

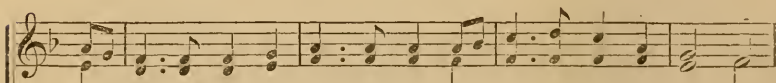
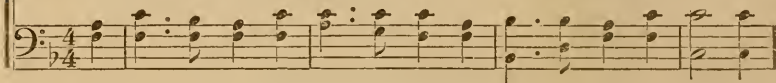
"Woman, why weepest thou?"—John xx: 15.

MRS. ANNIE S. HAWKS.

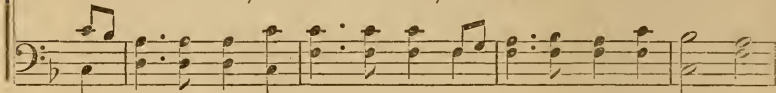
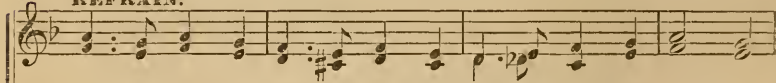
R. LOWRY, by per.



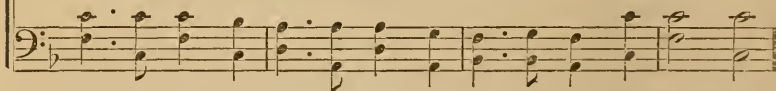
1. "Why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?" Oh, would'st thou see our Jesus?
2. Why weepest thou, And seekest thou, With doubting and re - pin - ing?
3. Believe Him now; Receive Him now; Look up with faith and meekness,
4. Be-liev-est thou? Cease weeping now— Thy soul He will de - liv - er;



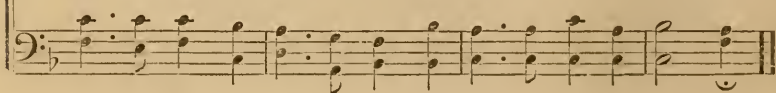
Behold Him near, He marks each tear, Our bless-ed, lov - ing Je - sus.
 Oh, lift thine eye! Thou shalt descry His raiment, near thee, shining.
 To Je - sus' blood, Which freely flowed, For all thy sin and weakness.
 The cross He bore; Our sins He wore, And nailed them there forever.

**REFRAIN.**

Oh, be-lieve Him; Oh, re-ceive Him—There is none like Je - sus;



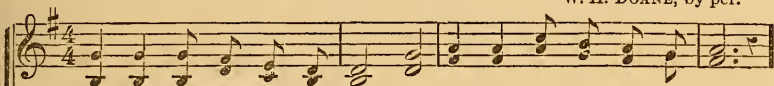
He is near thee; He will cheer thee—On - ly trust in Je - sus.



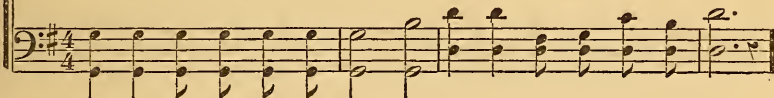
No. 27. I WILL GO AND TELL MY SAVIOR.

"And him that cometh to me I will in nowise cast out."—John vi: 57.

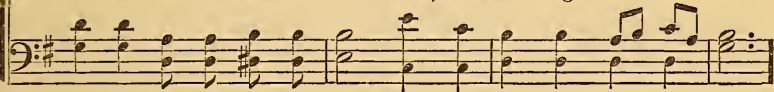
W. H. DOANE, by per.



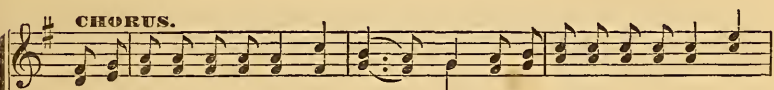
1. I will go and tell my Sa - vior How I long His child to be ;
2. I will tell Him I have wandered From the path that leads to heaven ;
3. If my heart is tru - ly hum - ble, He will not re - ject my prayer ;
4. I will tell Him all my sto - ry. With His mercy all my plea ;



At the cross I'll seek and find Him ; He's wait - ing there for me.
With a contrite, brok - en spir - it, I'll go and be for - given.
On the cross He died for sin - ners ; I know He saved me there.
At the cross I'll seek and find Him ; He's wait - ing there for me.



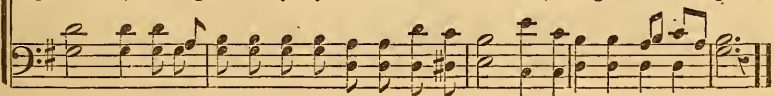
CHORUS.



I will carry all my sins to Je - sus, Tho' I've nothing but my heart to



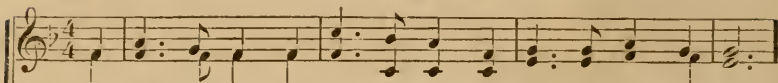
give Him ; I will go and lay my burden at the fountain ; I'll go and be forgiven.



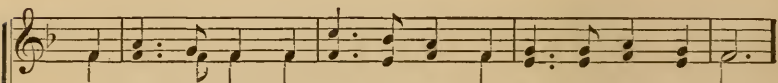
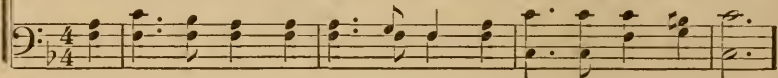
"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself."—Matt. xvi: 24.

Mrs. E. PRENTISS.

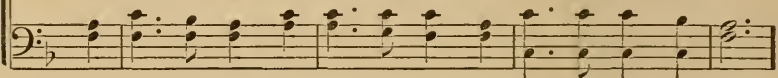
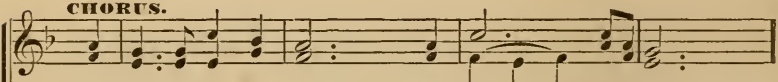
R. LOWRY, by per.



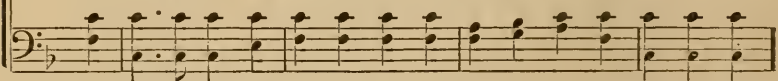
1. Oh, come to Christ! a sin-gle glance Would melt your doubts away;
2. Oh, come to Christ! He waits for you: Long has He, wait-ing stood;
3. Oh, come to Christ! the world has proved To thee a bro - ken reed;
4. Oh, come to Christ for peace, for rest, For all thy heart can crave;



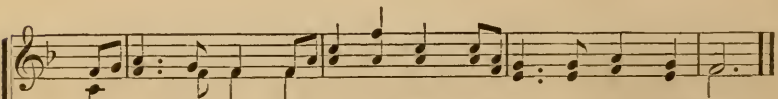
One glance would flood you with His light, In an e - ter - nal day.
 He stoops to ask you for your heart; He yearns to do you good.
 Thou canst not trust what al - ways fails In times of sor - est need.
 For tri-umph o - ver pain and loss, The death-bed and the grave.

**CHORUS.**

Oh, come without de - lay, Oh, come . . . to - day!



Oh, come, oh, come without de-lay, Oh, come, oh, come without de-lay.



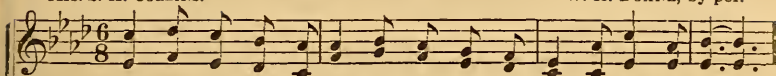
Oh, come to Christ! a single glance Would melt your doubts away.



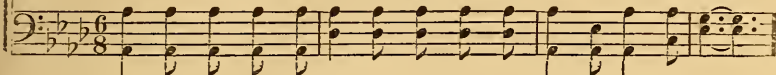
"I the Lord have called thee."—Isa. xlii: 6.

Mrs. S. A. COLLINS.

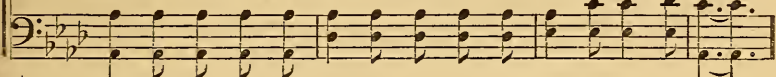
W. H. DOANE, by per.



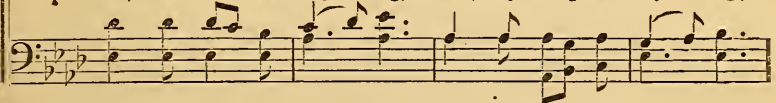
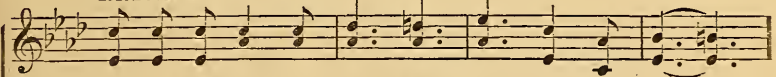
1. Je - sus, gracious one, calleth now to thee, "Come, O sinner, come!"
2. Still He waits for thee, pleading patiently, "Come, O come to Me!"
3. Weary, sin-sick soul, called so graciously, Canst thou dare refuse?



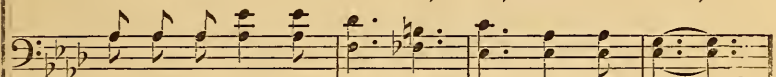
Calls so ten - der - ly, calls so lov - ing - ly, "Now, O sinner, come."
 Hea - vy - la - den one, I thy griefs have borne, "Come and rest in Me."
 Mer - cy offered thee, free - ly, ten - der - ly, Wilt thou still abuse?



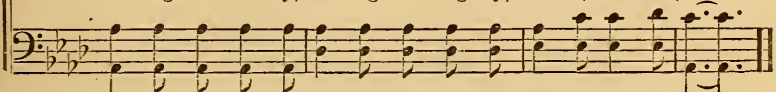
Words of peace and bless - ing, Christ's own love con - fess - ing;
 Words with love o'er - flow - ing, Life and bliss be - stow - ing;
 Come, for time is fly - ing, Haste, thy lamp is dy - ing;

**REFRAIN.**

Hear the sweet voice of Je - sus, Full, full of love;



Call - ing ten - der - ly, call - ing lov - ing - ly, "Come, O sinner, come."



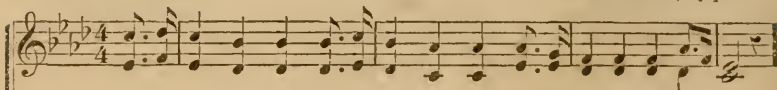
No. 30.

DRAW ME NEARER.

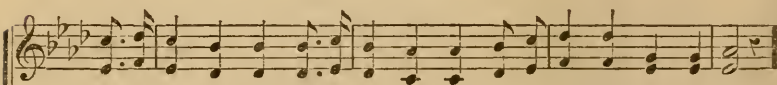
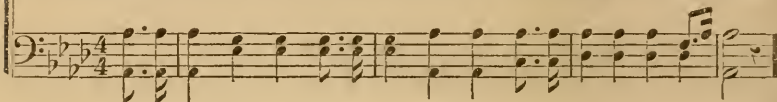
"Let us draw near with a true heart."—Heb. x: 22.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

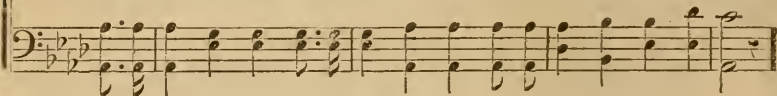
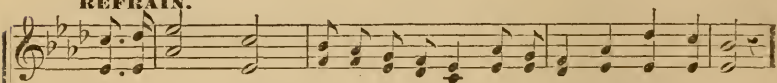
W. H. DOANE, by per.



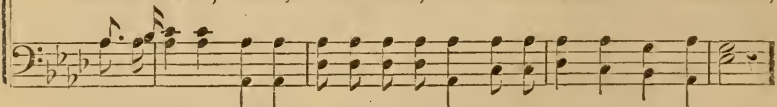
1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told thy love to me;
2. Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace divine;
3. Oh, the pure delight of a single hour That before Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I can not know, Till I cross the narrow sea;



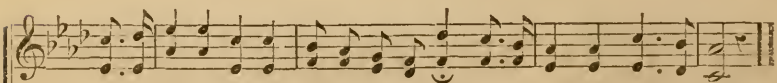
But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be closer drawn to Thee.
 Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
 When I kneel in pray'r and with Thee my God, I commune as friend with friend.
 There are heights of joy that I may not reach, Till I rest in peace with Thee.

**REFRAIN.**

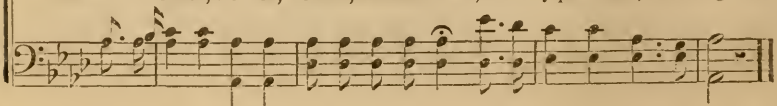
Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died,



nearer, nearer, nearer,



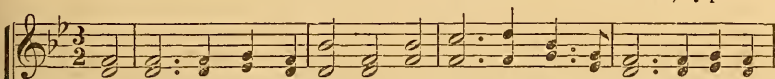
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.



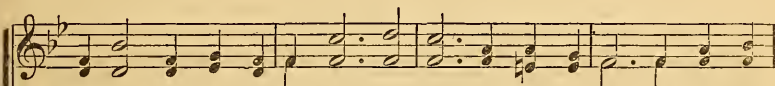
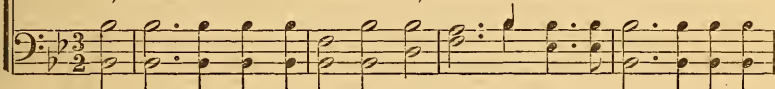
No. 31. ONE MORE DAY'S WORK FOR JESUS.

"I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day."—John ix : 4.

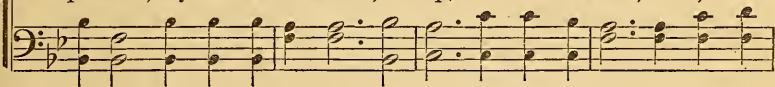
R. Lowry, by per.



1. One more day's work for Jesus, One less of life for me! But heav'n is
2. One more day's work for Jesus! How glorious is my King; 'Tis joy not
3. One more day's work for Jesus! How sweet the work has been, To tell the
4. One more day's work for Jesus! Oh, yes, a weary day, But heav'n shines
5. Oh, blessed work for Jesus! Oh, rest at Jesus' feet! There toil seems



nearer, And Christ is dear-er Than yes-ter-day to me; His love and
du-ty, To speak His beauty, My soul mounts on the wing At the mere
sto-ry, To show the glo-ry, Where Christ's flock enter in! How it did
clearer, And rest comes nearer, At each step of the way; And Christ in
pleasure, My wants are treasure, And pain for him is sweet, Lord, if I



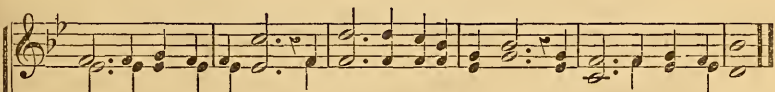
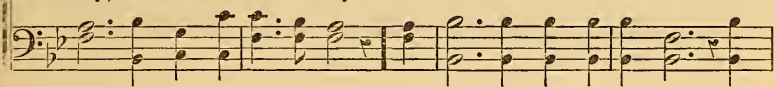
REFRAIN.

light Fill all my soul to-night.

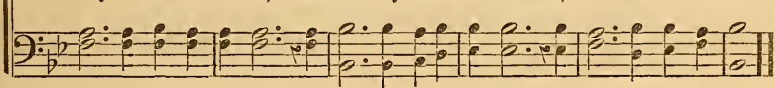
thought, How Christ my life has bought.

shine In this poor heart of mine. One more day's work for Jesus, One
all, Before His face I fall.

may, I'll serve ano-th-er day.



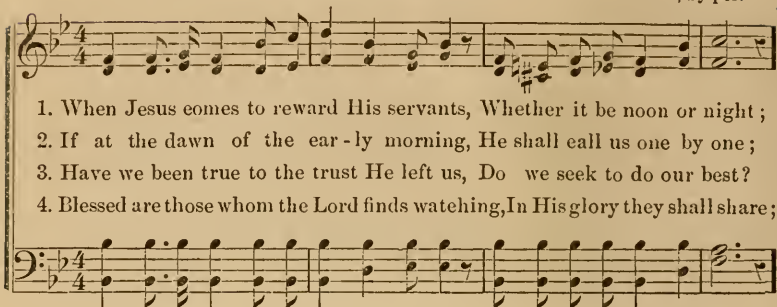
more day's work for Jesus, One more day's work for Jesus, One less of life for me.



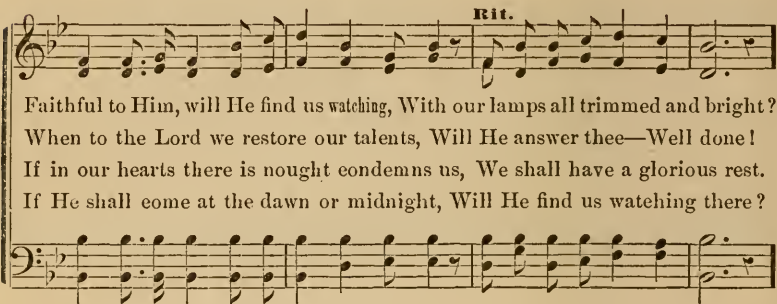
No. 32. WILL JESUS FIND US WATCHING?

"Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching."—Luke xii : 37.

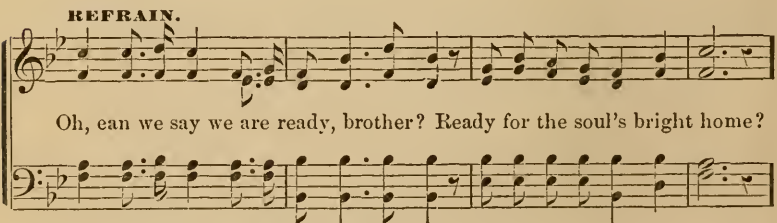
W. H. DOANE, by per.



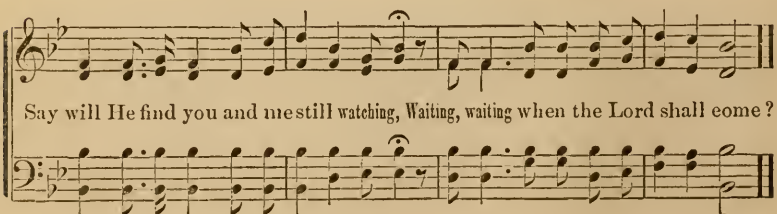
1. When Jesus comes to reward His servants, Whether it be noon or night ;
 2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morning, He shall call us one by one ;
 3. Have we been true to the trust He left us, Do we seek to do our best ?
 4. Blessed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In His glory they shall share ;



Rit.
 Faithful to Him, will He find us watching, With our lamps all trimmed and bright ?
 When to the Lord we restore our talents, Will He answer thee—Well done !
 If in our hearts there is nought condemns us, We shall have a glorious rest.
 If He shall come at the dawn or midnight, Will He find us watching there ?



REFRAIN.
 Oh, can we say we are ready, brother? Ready for the soul's bright home ?



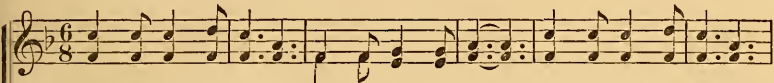
Say will He find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come ?

No. 33. BEAR THE CROSS FOR JESUS.

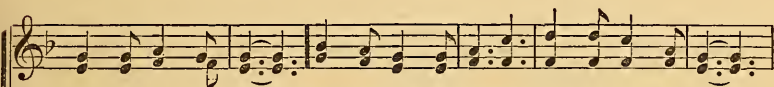
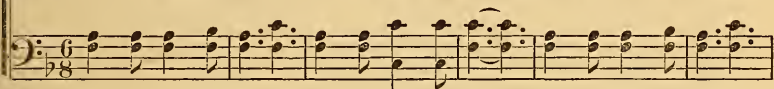
"Take up the cross and follow me."—Mark x: 21.

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS.

R. LOWRY, by per.



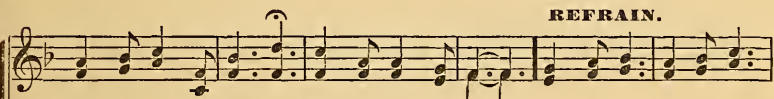
1. Bear the cross for Jesus, Bear it ev - ery day ; Tho' the path be rugged,
2. Bear the cross for Jesus, Bear it thro' the strife, Or in pain and silence—
3. Bear the cross for Jesus, Would you know the power Of His grace to save you—



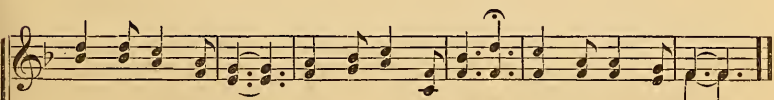
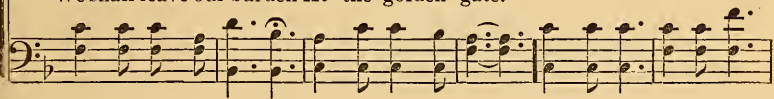
Bear it all the way ; Bear the cross for Jesus, Whatso-e'er it be ;
What-so-e'er thy life ; Bear the cross with patience Tho' you sigh for rest ;
Save you hour by hour ; Bear the cross for Jesus, Never mind its weight ;



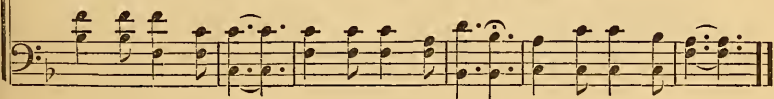
REFRAIN.



Bear it, and re-mem-ber All His love for thee.
Just the one He gives you Is for you the best. Bear the cross, bear the cross,
We shall leave our burden At the golden gate.



Bear it ev - ery day ; Bear the cross for Jesus, Bear it all the way.

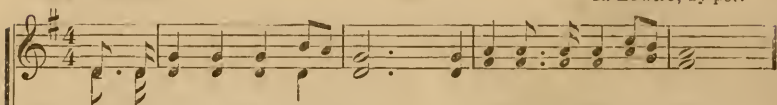


No. 34. THERE'S A SONG IN HEAVEN FOR YOU.

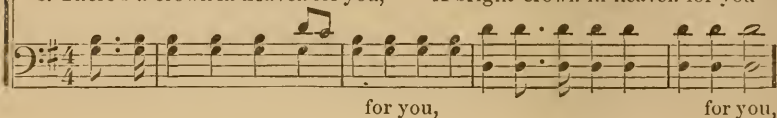
"They sung a new song."—Rev. v : 9.

WM. STEVENSON.

R. LOWRY, by per.

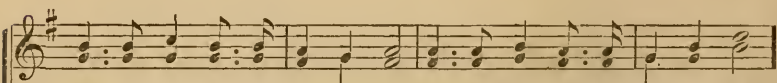


- | | |
|---------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1. There's a song in heaven for you, | A sweet song in heaven for you— |
| 2. There's a robe in heaven for you, | A white robe in heaven for you— |
| 3. There's a crown in heaven for you, | A bright crown in heaven for you— |

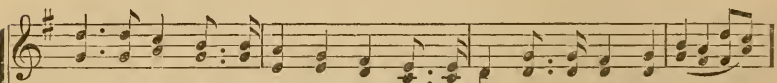
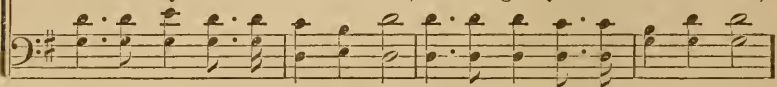


for you,

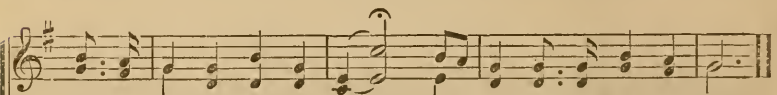
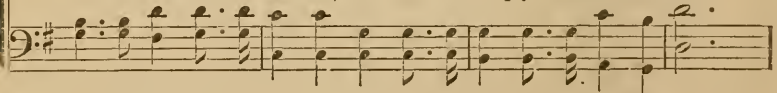
for you,



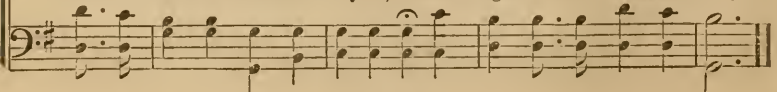
Not the song which the angels sing 'Round the throne of their Lord and King;
Not the robe of the seraphs bright But a vesture of spotless white;
If on earth you have borne the cross, And its gain you have counted loss,



But the strain of the ransomed throng With the notes that to Christ belong—
Like the robes that are cleansed from stain In the blood of the Lamb once slain—
But have trusted in Jesus' love, And have laid up your wealth a-bove—



That's the song in heaven for you,	The sweet song in heaven for you.
That's the robe in heaven for you,	The white robe in heaven for you.
That's the crown in heaven for you,	The bright crown in heaven for you.




for you,

No. 35. BRING THY ALL TO JESUS.

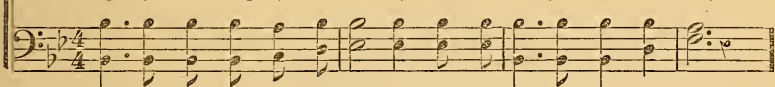
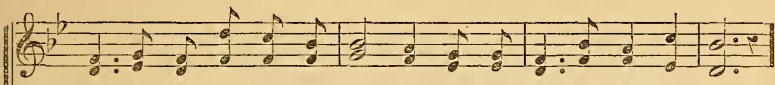
"Come thou for there is peace to thee."—1 Sam. xx: 21.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

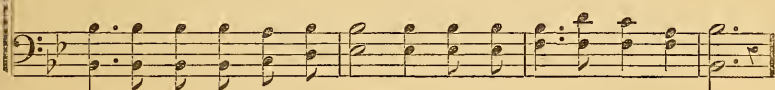
Gently.




1. Close the heart to all but Je-sus, At the precious hour of prayer;
2. Bring thy doubts in prayer to Je-sus, At His throne thy sin con-fess;
3. Bring thy tears in prayer to Je-sus, He will give thee sweet re-lief;
4. Bring thy wants in prayer to Je-sus, Plead the promise made of old;
5. Bring thy hopes in prayer to Je-sus, Pray for grace to stand se-cure;
6. Bring thy all in prayer to Je-sus, This let thy pe-ti-tion be;

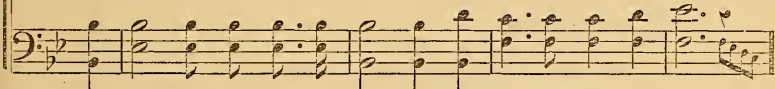
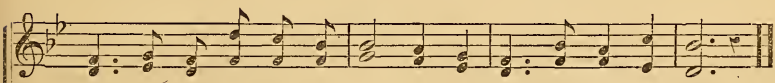
Come in trusting faith be-liev-ing, Bringing all thy weight of care.
 He the contrite soul will par-don, He the broken heart will bless.
 He was once a man of sor-rows, And acquaint with ev-ery grief.
 From His true and faith-ful chil-dren No good thing will He withhold.
 Ask for strength and Christian firmness Ev-ery con-flict to en-dure.
 Fa-ther, thro' Thy Son our Sav-ior, May Thy will be done in me.



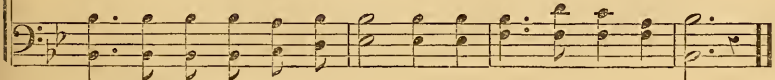
CHORUS.



Then come, come ye heavy la-den, He longs to give thee rest;

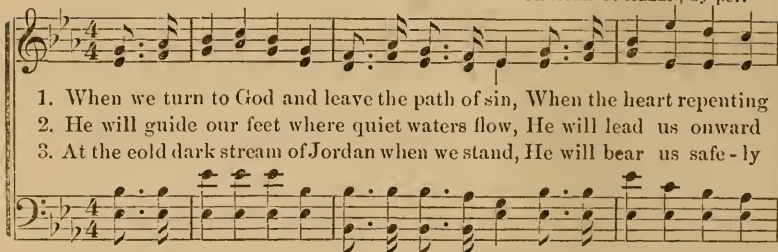
Come and tell thy ev-ery tri-al, On Je-sus' lov-ing breast.



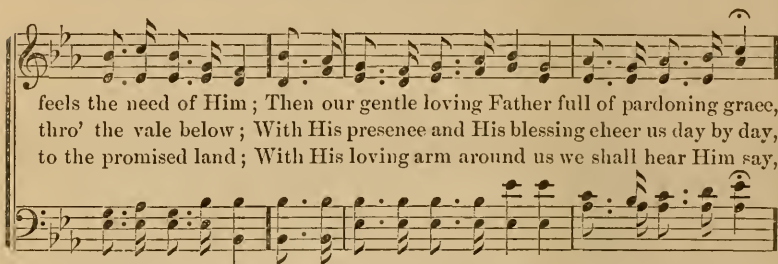
No. 36. HE IS COMING OUT TO MEET US.

"And when he was yet a great way off his father saw him, and had compassion."—Luke xv: 20.

CHESTER G. ALLEN, by per.

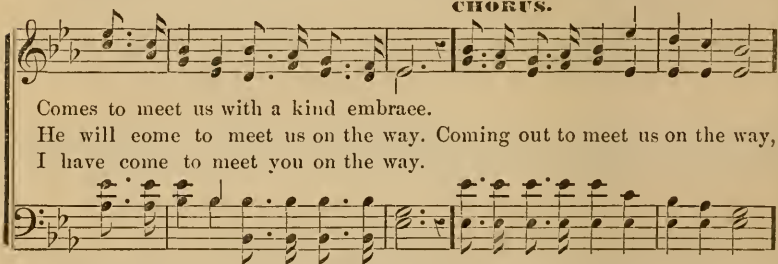


1. When we turn to God and leave the path of sin, When the heart repenting
 2. He will guide our feet where quiet waters flow, He will lead us onward
 3. At the cold dark stream of Jordan when we stand, He will bear us safe - ly

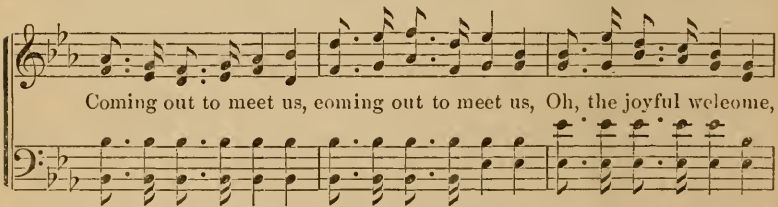


feels the need of Him; Then our gentle loving Father full of pardoning grace,
 thro' the vale below; With His presenee and His blessing cheer us day by day,
 to the promised land; With His loving arm around us we shall hear Him say,

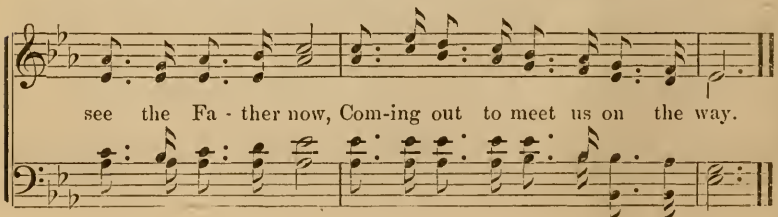
CHORUS.



Comes to meet us with a kind embrace.
 He will come to meet us on the way. Coming out to meet us on the way,
 I have come to meet you on the way.



Coming out to meet us, coming out to meet us, Oh, the joyful welcome,



see the Fa - ther now, Com-ing out to meet us on the way.

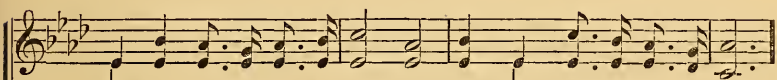
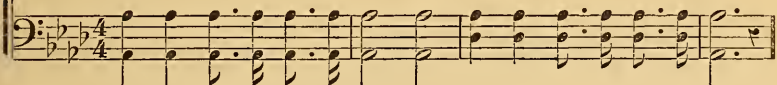
"And blessed be his glorious name forever."—Psa. lxxii: 19.

Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER

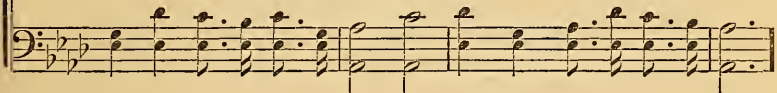
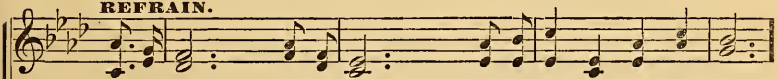
W. H. DOANE, by per.



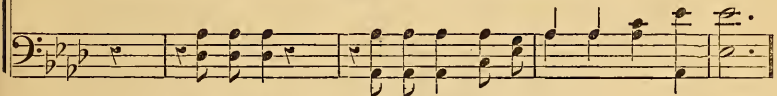
1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe—
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from every snare;
3. Oh! the precious name of Je - sus; How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Falling prostrate at His feet,



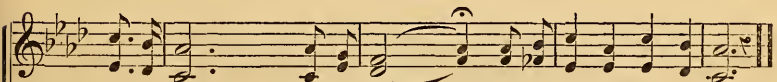
It will joy and comfort give you, Take it then where'er you go.
 If tempt-ations 'round you gather, Breathe that holy name in prayer.
 When His lov-ing arms receive us, And His songs our tongues employ.
 King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our journey is complete.

**REFRAIN.**

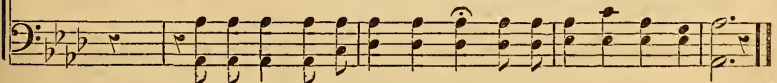
Precious name, oh, how sweet! Hope of earth and Joy of heav'n;



Precious name, oh, how sweet!



Precious name, oh, how sweet! . . Hope of earth and Joy of heav'n.



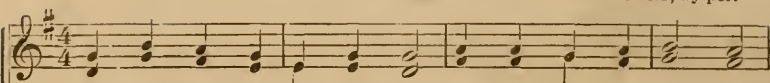
Precious name, oh how sweet, how sweet!

No. 38. CAST YOUR CARE ON JESUS.

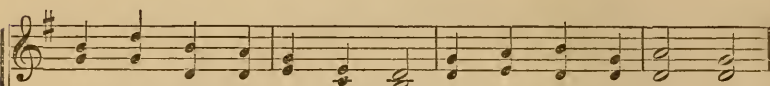
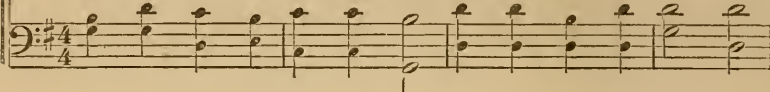
"For He careth for you."—1 Pet. v: 7.

R. L.

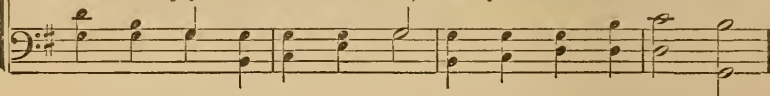
R. LOWRY, by per.



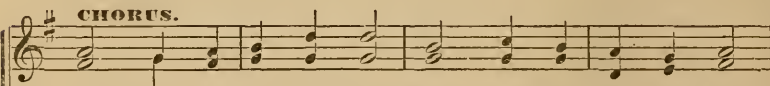
1. Is there trou - ble in your life? Cast your eare on Je - sus;
2. Do you doubt His ho - ly word? Cast your eare on Je - sus;
3. Have you dark-ness when you pray? Cast your care on Je - sus;
4. Has the Sav - ior lost His charm? Cast your eare on Je - sus;
5. Tho' your heart is full of ill, Cast your eare on Je - sus;
6. Now re - turn to mer - cy's door, Cast your eare on Je - sus;



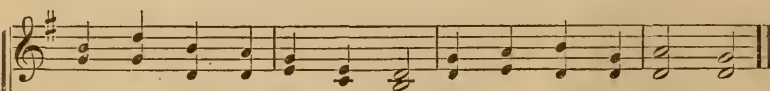
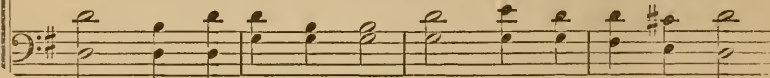
Is there weak-ness in the strife? Cast your eare on Je - sus.
Do you mourn your ab - sent Lord? Cast your eare on Je - sus.
Does the an - swer long de - lay? Cast your care on Je - sus.
Do you miss the sheltering arm? Cast your eare on Je - sus.
There is One who loves you still, Cast your eare on Je - sus.
Love and joy will come once more, Cast your care on Je - sus.



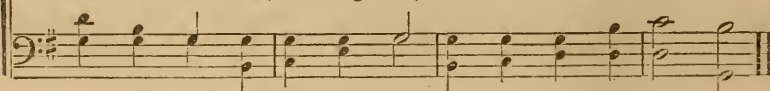
CHORUS.



He bore it all for you, • He bore it all for you—



Sin and sor - row, suffering too, Cast it all on Je - sus.



No. 39. MY FAITH STILL CLINGS.

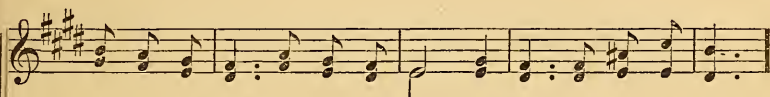
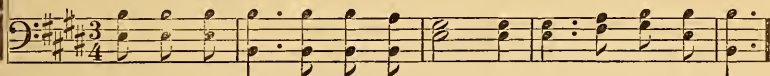
"Watch, stand fast in the Faith."—Rom. xiv : 1.

REV. H. F. COLBY.

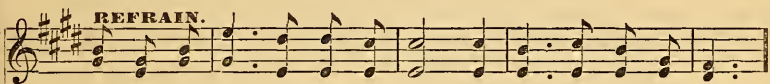
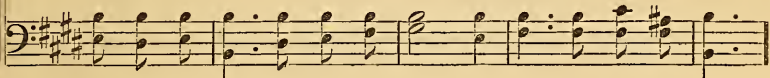
W. H. DOANE, by per.



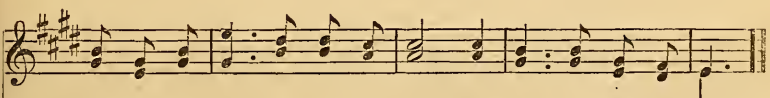
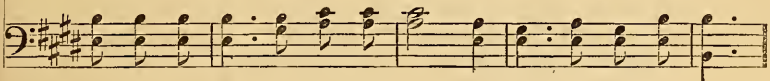
1. My sin is great; my strength is weak, My path be-set with snares;
2. The world is dark without Thee, Lord, I turn me from its strife,
3. Temptations lure and fears as - sail My frail, in-constant heart;
4. Unfold Thy pre - cepts to my mind, And cleanse my blinded eyes,



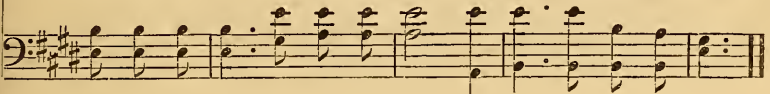
But Thou, O Christ, hast died for me, And Thou wilt hear my prayers.
To find Thy love a sweet re-lief, Thou art the light of life.
But precious are Thy promis - es, And they new strength impart.
Grant me to work for Thee on earth, Then praise Thee in the skies.



To Thee, to Thee, the Cru - ci - fied, The sin - ner's on - ly plea,



Re - ly - ing on Thy promised grace My faith still clings to Thee.



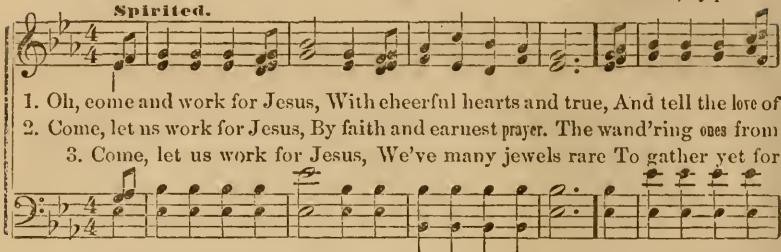
No. 40. OH, COME AND WORK FOR JESUS.

"For your work shall be rewarded."—2 Chron. xv: 17.

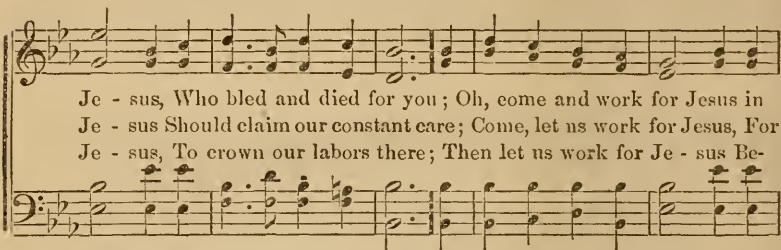
T. E. McDOUGALL.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

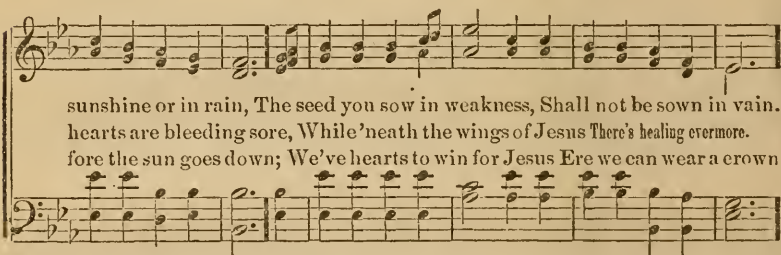
Spirited.



1. Oh, come and work for Jesus, With cheerful hearts and true, And tell the love of
 2. Come, let us work for Jesus, By faith and earnest prayer. The wand'ring ones from
 3. Come, let us work for Jesus, We've many jewels rare To gather yet for

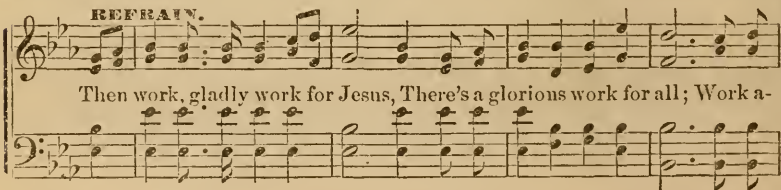


Je - sus, Who bled and died for you ; Oh, come and work for Jesus in
 Je - sus Should claim our constant care ; Come, let us work for Jesus, For
 Je - sus, To crown our labors there ; Then let us work for Je - sus Be-

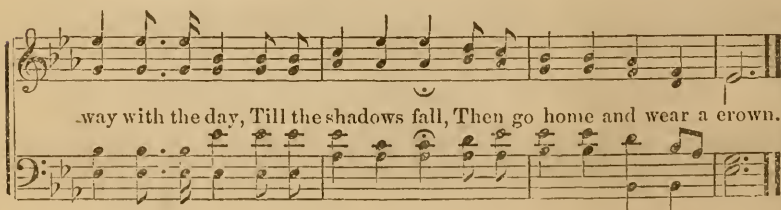


sunshine or in rain, The seed you sow in weakness, Shall not be sown in vain.
 hearts are bleeding sore, While 'neath the wings of Jesus There's healing evermore.
 fore the sun goes down ; We've hearts to win for Jesus Ere we can wear a crown

REFRAIN.



Then work, gladly work for Jesus, There's a glorious work for all ; Work a-



way with the day, Till the shadows fall, Then go home and wear a crown.

No. 41.

CROWN OF LIFE.

"I will give thee a crown of life."—Rev. ii: 10.

REV. T. L. BAILEY.

R. LOWRY, by per.

1. Press on, pilgrim, young tho' thou art ; Firm be thy step, and brave thy heart ;

2. Fight on, soldier, seek not for rest ; Jesus will give when He thinks best ;

3. Cheer up, Christian, for "over there" Glo-ry is beaming clear and fair ;

Be-lieve the Lord, O - bey His word, And from His counsels ne'er depart.

The bat - tle o'er, To fight no more, With peace and joy thou shalt be blest.

With-in the gate The angels wait, And thine the crown the ransomed wear.

CHORUS.

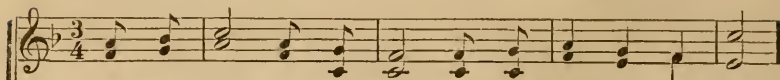
Press on, pilgrim ; Fight on, soldier ; Cheer up, Christian ; Glory thou shalt see ;

To him that overcometh a crown of life shall be, And he shall reign to eternity.

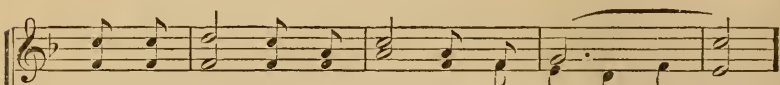
"According to his mercy he saved us."—Tit. iii: 5.

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS.

R. LOWRY, by per.

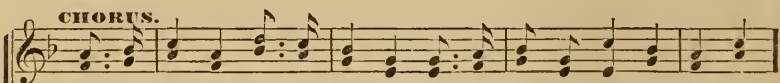


1. I am saved! I am saved! Je - sus bids me go free;
 2. I am cleansed! I am cleansed! I am "whi - ter than snow;"
 3. Wondrous love! won-drous love! Now the gift I re - ceive;
 4. I was weak— I am strong In the power of His might;
 5. Praise the Lord! praise the Lord! Ye He saints ev - ery - where;




He has bought with a price E - ven me, e - ven me.
 He is might - y to save, This I know, this I know.
 I have rest in His word, I be - lieve, I be - lieve.
 And my dark - ness He turns In - to light, in - to light.
 I shall join in the throng O - ver there, o - ver there.

CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah, to my Sav - ior;

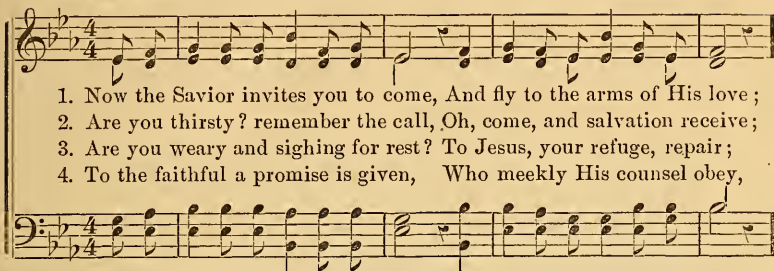


Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

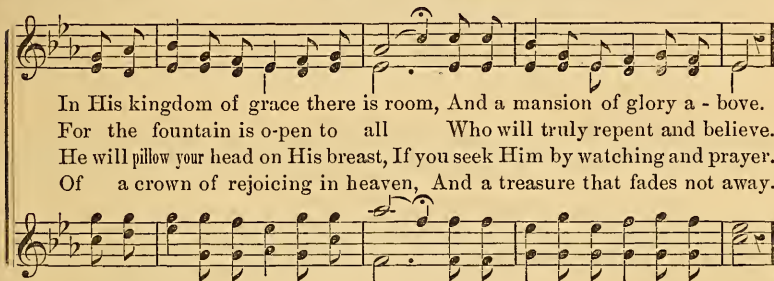
"Come all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. xi: 28.

FANNIE CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.



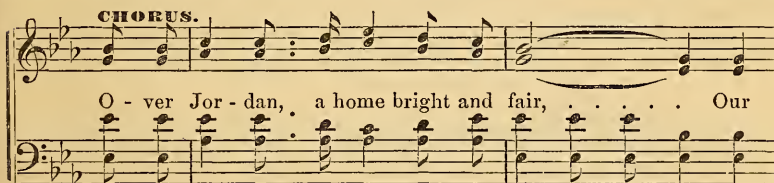
1. Now the Savior invites you to come, And fly to the arms of His love ;
2. Are you thirsty ? remember the call, Oh, come, and salvation receive ;
3. Are you weary and sighing for rest ? To Jesus, your refuge, repair ;
4. To the faithful a promise is given, Who meekly His counsel obey,



In His kingdom of grace there is room, And a mansion of glory a - bove.
For the fountain is o - pen to all Who will truly repent and believe.
He will pillow your head on His breast, If you seek Him by watching and prayer.
Of a crown of rejoicing in heaven, And a treasure that fades not away.

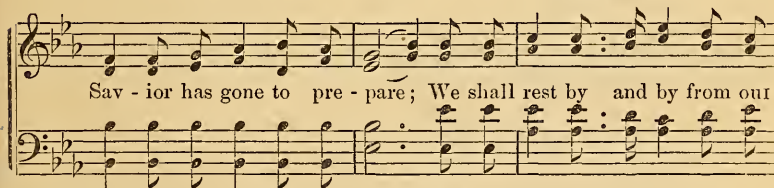


CHORUS.

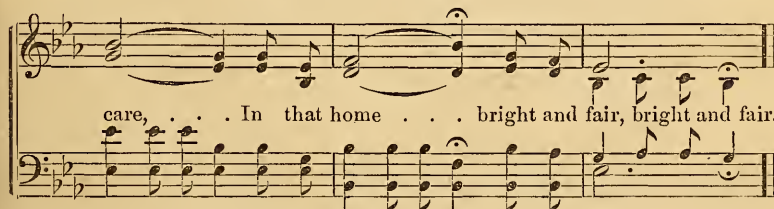


O - ver Jor - dan, a home bright and fair, Our

bright and fair,



Sav - ior has gone to pre - pare ; We shall rest by and by from our



care, . . . In that home . . . bright and fair, bright and fair.

from our care,

In that home

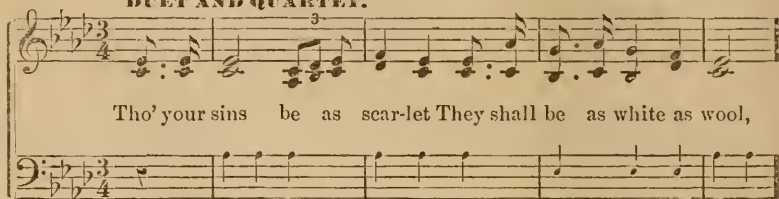
The following Piece finds its Response in No. 43 (opposite page),
which is intended to be sung by the Congregation,
Ad Libitum.

No. 44. THOUGH YOUR SINS BE AS SCARLET.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—Is. lix : 2.

W. H. DOANE.

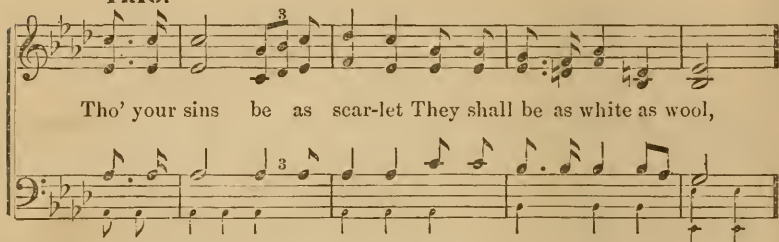
DUET AND QUARTET.



Two staves of music in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The melody features a triplet of eighth notes in the first measure. The lyrics are written below the staves.

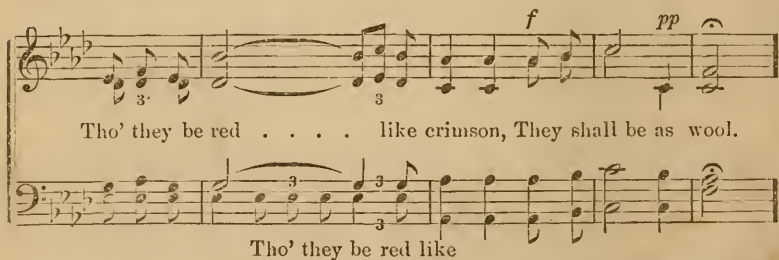
Tho' your sins be as scar-let They shall be as white as wool,

TRIO.



Two staves of music in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The melody continues with a triplet of eighth notes. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Tho' your sins be as scar-let They shall be as white as wool,

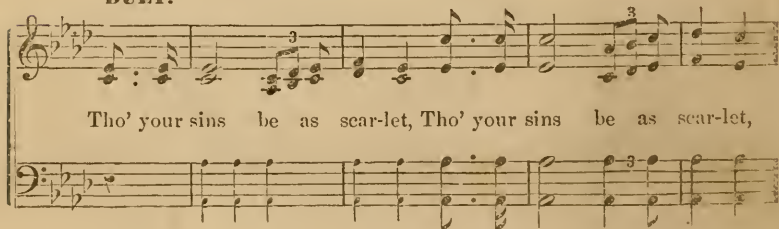


Two staves of music in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The melody includes a triplet of eighth notes and dynamic markings *f* and *pp*. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Tho' they be red like crimson, They shall be as wool.

Tho' they be red like

DUET.

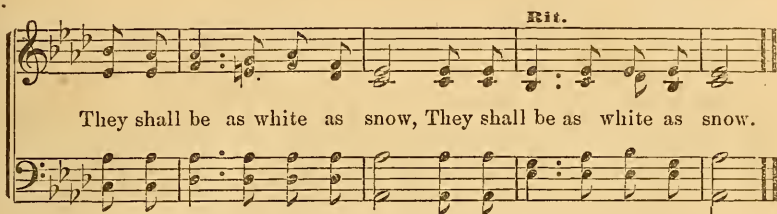


Two staves of music in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The melody features a triplet of eighth notes. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Tho' your sins be as scar-let, Tho' your sins be as scar-let,

THOUGH YOUR SINS BE AS SCARLET. Concluded.

Rit.



They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow.

RESPONSE BY THE CONGREGATION.

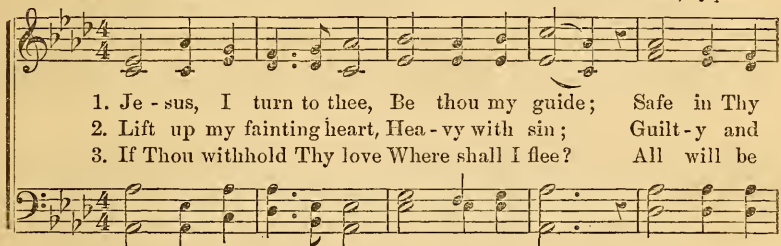
(To No. 44.)

No. 45. JESUS I TURN TO THEE.

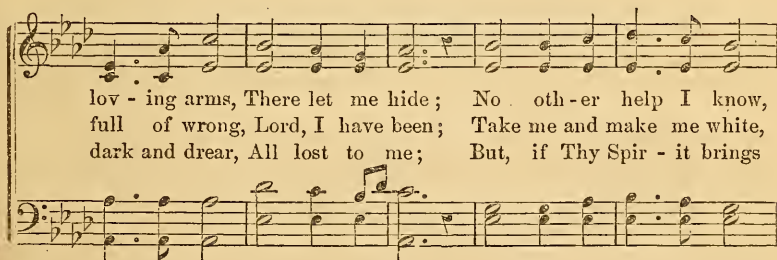
"Lord, to whom shall we go?"—John vi: 68.

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

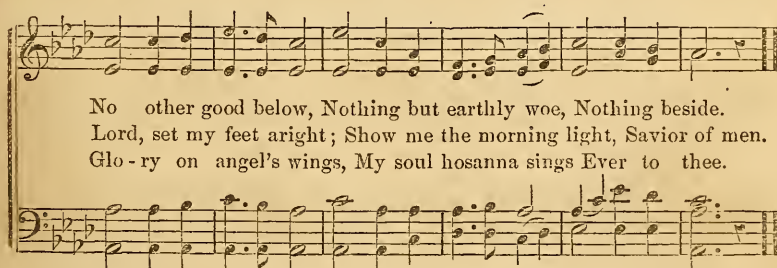
W. H. DOANE, by per.



1. Je - sus, I turn to thee, Be thou my guide; Safe in Thy
 2. Lift up my fainting heart, Hea - vy with sin; Guilt - y and
 3. If Thou withhold Thy love Where shall I flee? All will be



lov - ing arms, There let me hide; No oth - er help I know,
 full of wrong, Lord, I have been; Take me and make me white,
 dark and drear, All lost to me; But, if Thy Spir - it brings

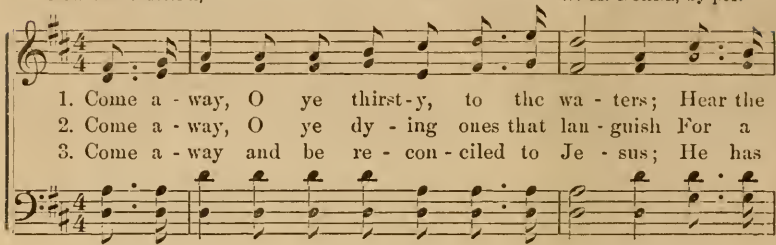


No other good below, Nothing but earthly woe, Nothing beside.
 Lord, set my feet aright; Show me the morning light, Savior of men.
 Glo - ry on angel's wings, My soul hosanna sings Ever to thee.

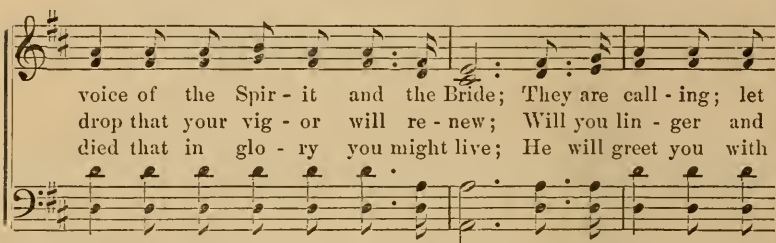
"And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—Rev. xxii : 17.

Mrs. VAN ALSTINE,

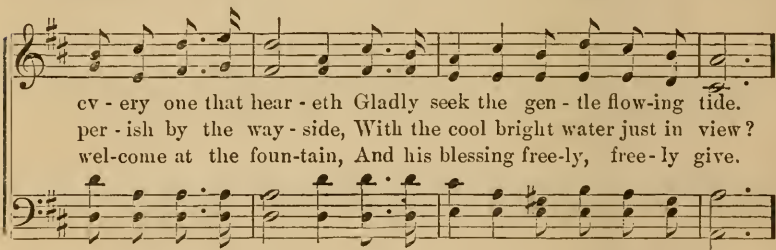
W. H. DOANE, by per.



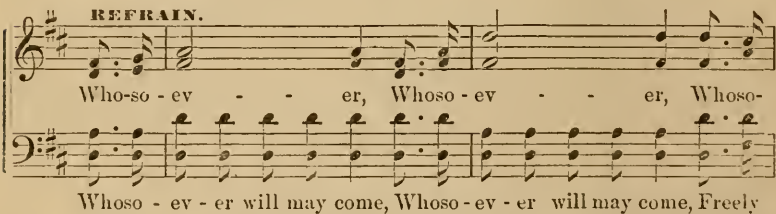
1. Come a - way, O ye thirst-y, to the wa - ters; Hear the
 2. Come a - way, O ye dy - ing ones that lan - guish For a
 3. Come a - way and be re - con - ciled to Je - sus; He has



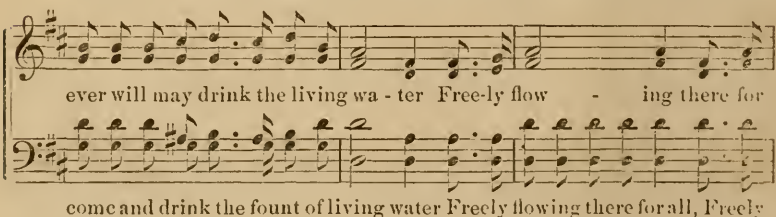
voice of the Spir - it and the Bride; They are call - ing; let
 drop that your vig - or will re - new; Will you lin - ger and
 died that in glo - ry you might live; He will greet you with



ev - ery one that hear - eth Gladly seek the gen - tle flow - ing tide.
 per - ish by the way - side, With the cool bright water just in view?
 wel - come at the foun - tain, And his blessing free - ly, free - ly give.

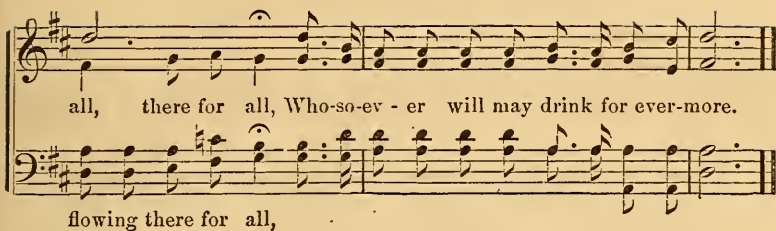


REFRAIN.
 Who - so - ev - - er, Who - so - ev - - er, Who - so -
 Who - so - ev - er will may come, Who - so - ev - er will may come, Freely



ever will may drink the living wa - ter Free - ly flow - ing there for
 come and drink the fount of living water Freely flowing there for all, Freely

WHOSOEVER WILL. Concluded.



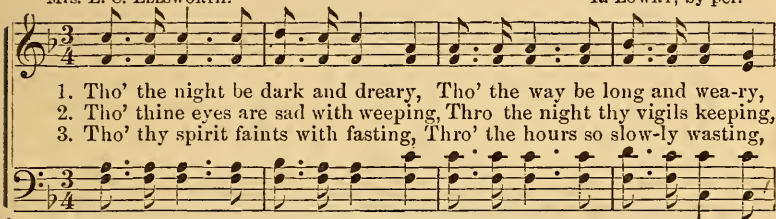
all, there for all, Who-so-ev - er will may drink for ever-more.
flowing there for all,

No. 47. THERE 'LL BE JOY BY AND BY.

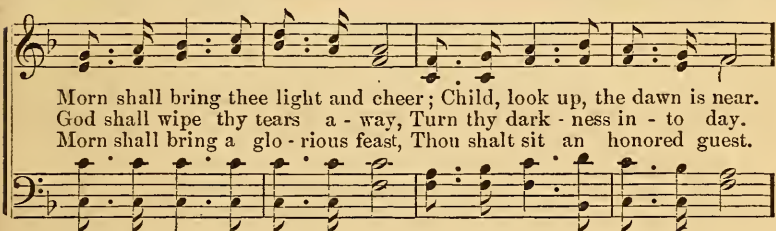
"Joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. xxx: 5.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

R. LOWRY, by per.



1. Tho' the night be dark and dreary, Tho' the way be long and wea-ry,
2. Tho' thine eyes are sad with weeping, Thro the night thy vigils keeping,
3. Tho' thy spirit faints with fasting, Thro' the hours so slow-ly wasting,



Morn shall bring thee light and cheer; Child, look up, the dawn is near.
God shall wipe thy tears a - way, Turn thy dark - ness in - to day.
Morn shall bring a glo - rious feast, Thou shalt sit an honored guest.

CHORUS.



There'll be joy by and by, There'll be joy by and by,



In the dawning of the morning, There'll be joy by and by.

"Rejoice for I will dwell in the midst of thee."—Zach. ii: 10.

Mrs. VAN ALSTINE.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Come in our midst, oh, gracious Lord, Un - veil Thy smil - ing face;
 2. Come in our midst, oh, gracious Lord, Thy prom - ise we be - lieve,
 3. Come in our midst, oh, gracious Lord, E - ter - nal King of kings,

Dis - till in ev - ery wait - ing heart The dew of heavenly grace;
 That bids us seek and we shall find, Ask, and we shall re - ceive.
 And fold the chil - dren of the law Be - neath Thy mighty wings.

From earth - ly scenes we turn a - side, On Thee we cast our care;
 We gath - er at Thy mer - cy - seat, Our on - ly hope is there;
 Sup - port the weak, the mourner cheer, Help all their cross to bear;

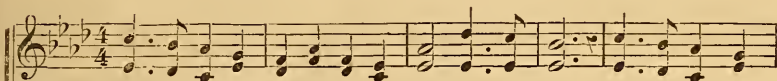
We wor - ship in Thy ho - ly name, Oh, bless this hour of prayer.
 We plead the mer - its of Thy blood, Oh, bless this hour of prayer.
 Thou Spring of Joy, Thou Source of Life, Oh, bless this hour of prayer.

No. 49. THE HEM OF HIS GARMENT.

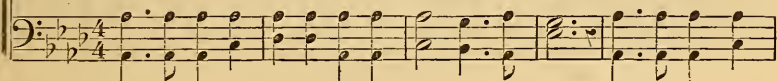
"If I may but touch his garment, I shall be whole."—Matt. ix. 21.

R. L.

R. LOWRY, by per.



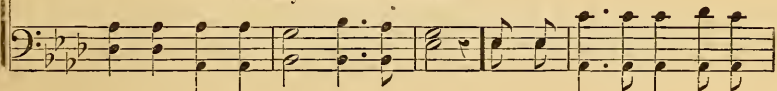
1. Weak and weary, poor and sinful, Vain-ly I cry; Bowed and crushed with
2. Here is One with power of healing—Sav-ior di-vine; If my trembling
3. How the people press around Him, His word receive! Sure - ly I may
4. Long my heart has borne its burden, Seeking for peace; Now at last I



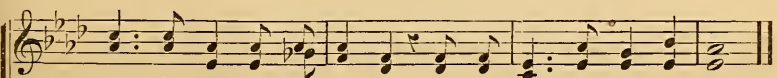
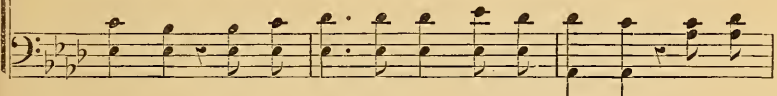
REFRAIN.



years of sor-row, What help is nigh?
steps can reach Him, His grace is mine. Let me touch the hem of His
share the blessing; I too be-lieve.
find in Je-sus My sweet re-lease.



gar-ment, Let me touch the hem of His gar-ment, Let me



touch the hem of His garment, And the touch will make me whole.



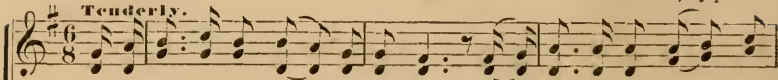
No. 50. THE MISTAKES OF MY LIFE.

"Behold, I have set before thee an open door."—Rev. iii: 8.

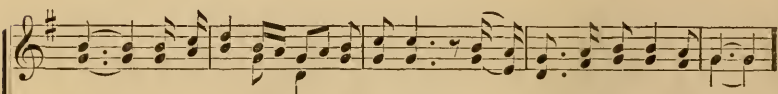
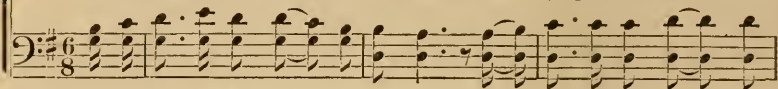
Mrs. U. L. BAILEY.

R. LOWRY, by per.

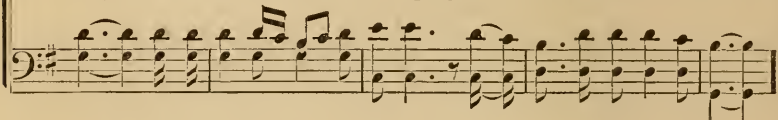
Tenderly.



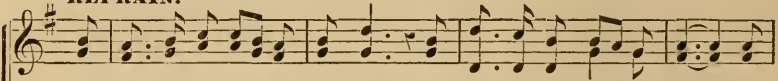
1. The mistakes of my life have been many, The sins of my heart have been
2. I am lowest of those who love Him, I am weakest of those who
3. My mistakes His free grace will cover, My sins He will wash a-
4. The mistakes of my life have been many, And my spirit is sick with



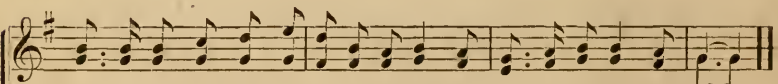
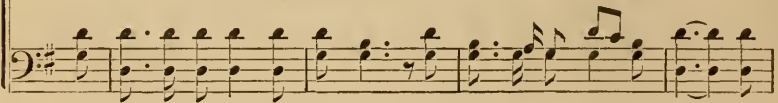
more, And I scarce can see for weeping, But I'll knock at the open door.
pray; But I come as He has bidden, And He will not say me nay.
way, And the feet that shrink and falter Shall walk thro' the gates of day.
sin, And I scarce can see for weeping, But the Savior will let me in.



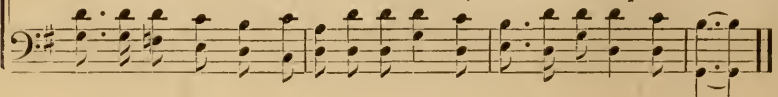
REFRAIN.



I know I am weak and sinful, It comes to me more and more; But



when the dear Savior shall bid me come in, I'll en-ter the op-en door.



No. 51. WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME?

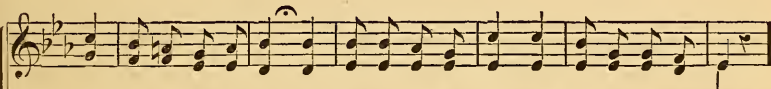
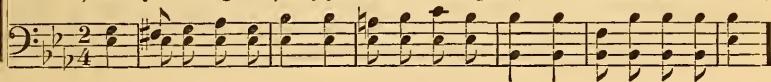
"So Christ was offered to bear the sins of many."—Heb. ix: 28.

Miss FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

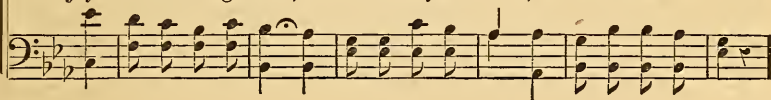
W. H. DOANE, by per.



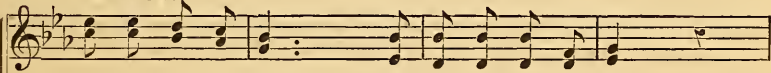
1. I gave my life for thee, My precious blood I shed, That thou might'st ransom'd be,
2. I spent long years for thee, In weariness and woe, That one eternity
3. My Father's house of light, My rainbow-circled throne, I left for earthly night,
4. I suffered much for thee—More than thy tongue can tell, Of bitterest agony,
5. Oh, let thy life be given, Thy years for me bespent, World fetters all be riven,



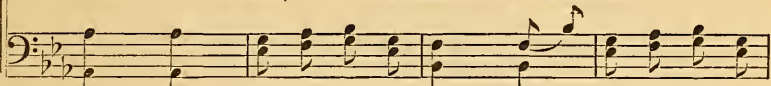
And quickened from the dead; I gave my life for thee; What hast thou done for me?
Of joy thou mightest know; I spent long years for thee; Hast thou spent one for me?
For wand'rings sad and lone; I left it all for thee? Hast thou left aught for me?
To rescue thee from hell; I suffered much for thee; What dost thou bear for me?
And joy with suffering blent; Give thou thyself to me, And I will welcome thee.



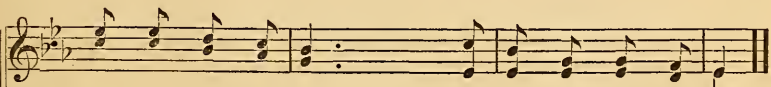
CHORUS.



This I did for thee, What hast thou done for me?



This I did for thee, What hast thou done for me? Yes,



This I did for thee, What hast thou done for me?



this did for me,

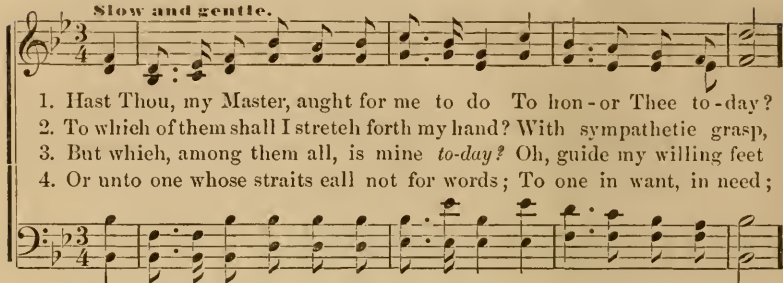
No. 52. WHERE SHALL I WORK TO-DAY?

"Shew them the work that they must do."—Exod. xviii: 20.

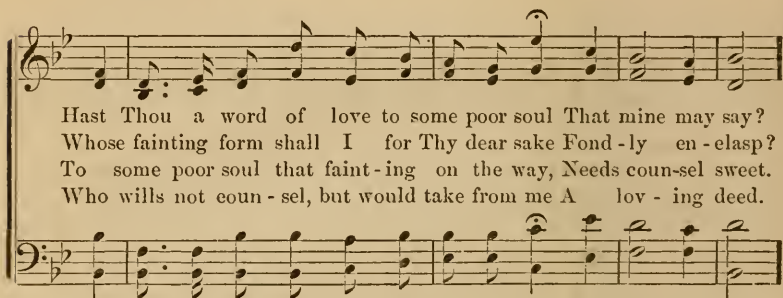
Mrs. E. PRENTISS.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

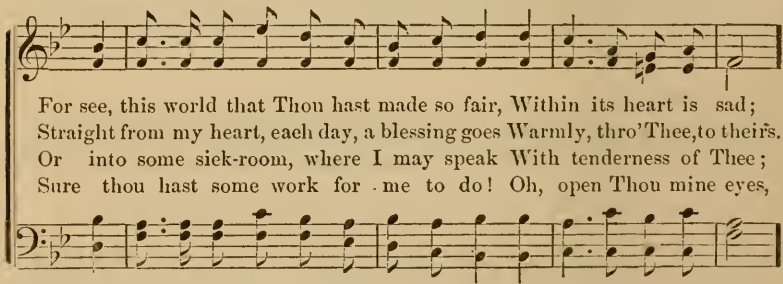
Slow and gentle.



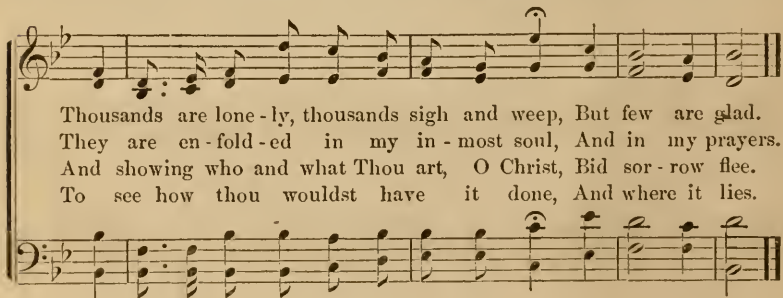
1. Hast Thou, my Master, aught for me to do To hon-or Thee to-day?
 2. To which of them shall I stretch forth my hand? With sympathetic grasp,
 3. But which, among them all, is mine *to-day*? Oh, guide my willing feet
 4. Or unto one whose straits call not for words; To one in want, in need;



Hast Thou a word of love to some poor soul That mine may say?
 Whose fainting form shall I for Thy dear sake Fond-ly en-elasp?
 To some poor soul that faint-ing on the way, Needs coun-sel sweet.
 Who wills not coun-sel, but would take from me A lov-ing deed.



For see, this world that Thou hast made so fair, Within its heart is sad;
 Straight from my heart, each day, a blessing goes Warmly, thro'Thee, to their's.
 Or into some sick-room, where I may speak With tenderness of Thee;
 Sure thou hast some work for me to do! Oh, open Thou mine eyes,



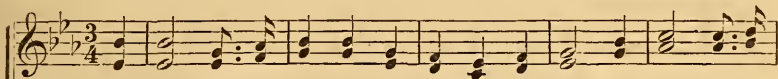
Thousands are lone-ly, thousands sigh and weep, But few are glad.
 They are en-fold-ed in my in-most soul, And in my prayers.
 And showing who and what Thou art, O Christ, Bid sor-row flee.
 To see how thou wouldst have it done, And where it lies.

No. 53. SO NEAR TO THE KINGDOM.

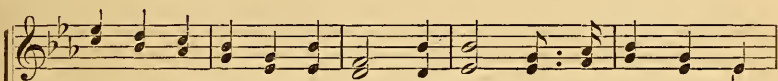
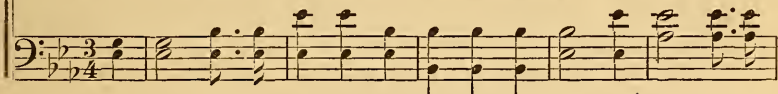
"Not far from the kingdom of God."—Mark xii: 34.

F. J. C.

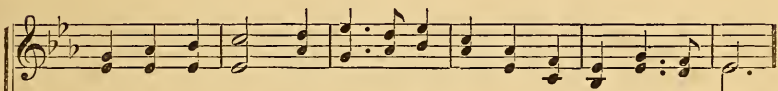
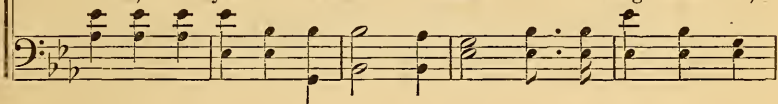
R. LOWRY, by per.



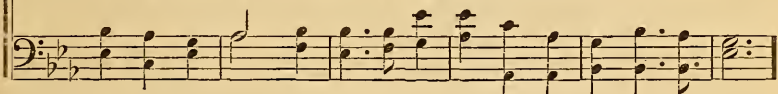
1. So near to the kingdom! yet what dost thou lack? So near to the
2. So near that thou hearest the songs that resound From those who, be-
3. Oh, come, or thy sea - son of grace will be past, The door will be
4. To die with no hope! hast thou counted the cost? To die out of



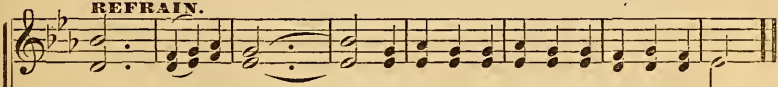
kingdom! what keepeth thee back? Renounce ev - ery i - dol tho'
 liev-ing, a par-don have found! So near, yet un-will - ing to
 closed, and this call be thy last; Oh where wouldst thou turn if the
 Christ, and thy soul to be lost! So near to the king - dom! oh,



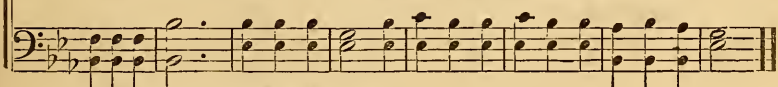
dear it may be, And come to the Sav - ior now pleading with thee.
 give up thy sin, When Je - sus is wait-ing to wel-come thee in!
 light should depart, That comes from the Spirit and shines on thy heart?
 come, we im-plore, While Je-sus is pleading, come, en - ter the door.



REFRAIN.



Plead - ing with thee, . . . The Savior is pleading, is pleading with thee.



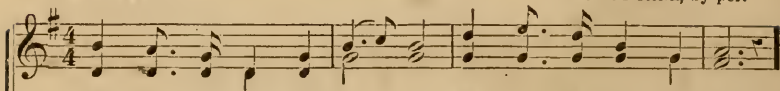
Pleading with thee, pleading with thee,

No. 54. SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

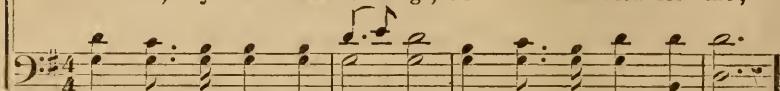
'Underneath are the everlasting arms.'—Deut. xxxiii: 27.

FANNY CROSBY.

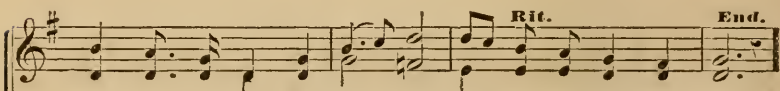
W. H. DOANE, by per.



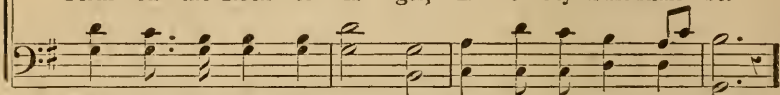
1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast;
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care;
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me;



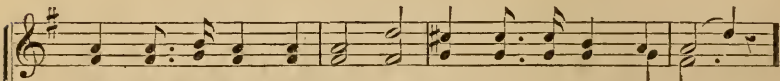
D. C. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast;



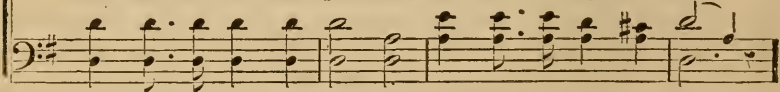
There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Safe from the world's tempt - a - tions, Sin can not harm me there.
Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be.



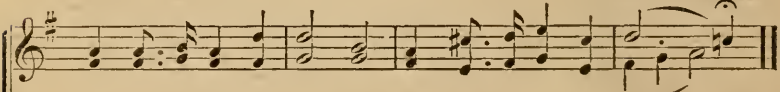
There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.



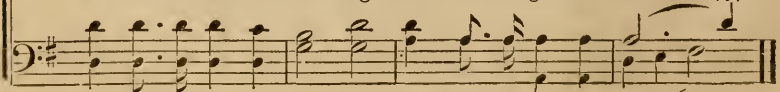
Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
Here let me wait with pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er;



D. C. CHORUS.



O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the Jas - per sea. . .
On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears. . .
Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the golden shore. . .

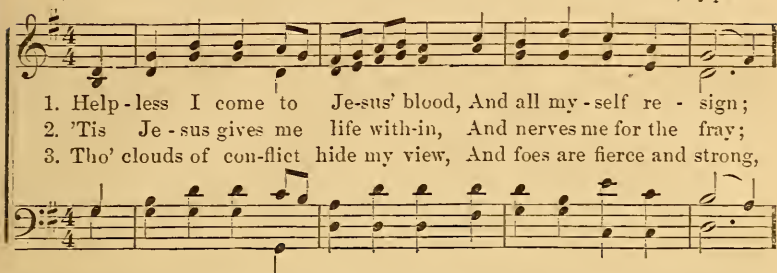


No. 55. MY SOUL WILL OVERCOME.

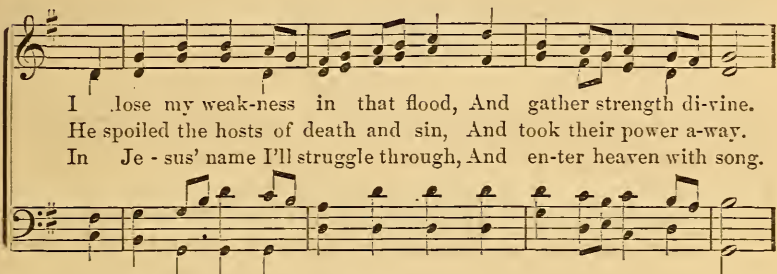
"They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb." —Rev. xii: 11.

R. L.

R. LOWRY, by per.

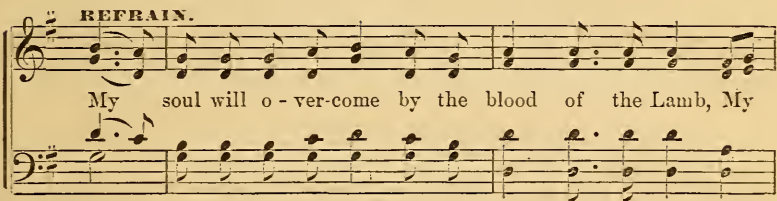


1. Help-less I come to Je-sus' blood, And all my-self re-sign;
 2. 'Tis Je-sus gives me life with-in, And nerves me for the fray;
 3. Tho' clouds of con-flict hide my view, And foes are fierce and strong,

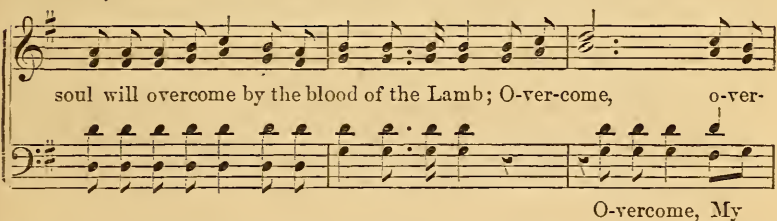


I lose my weak-ness in that flood, And gather strength di-vine.
 He spoiled the hosts of death and sin, And took their power a-way.
 In Je-sus' name I'll struggle through, And en-ter heaven with song.

REFRAIN.

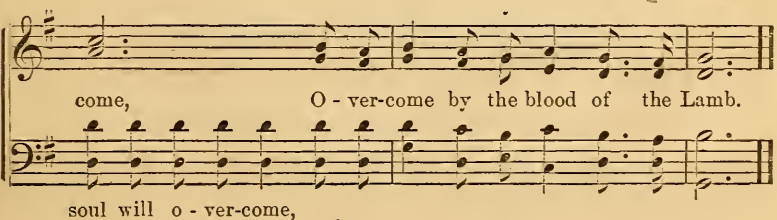


My soul will o-ver-come by the blood of the Lamb, My



soul will overcome by the blood of the Lamb; O-ver-come, o-ver-

O-vercome, My



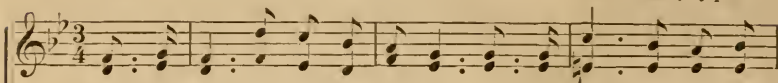
come, O-ver-come by the blood of the Lamb.
 soul will o-ver-come,

No. 56. LET THE LOWER LIGHTS BE BURNING.

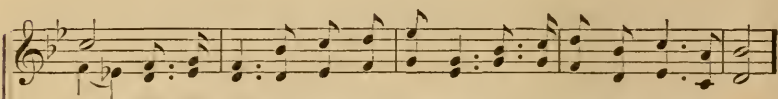
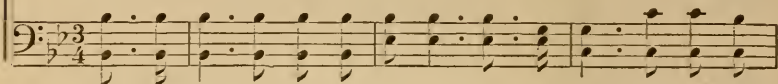
"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—Matt. v: 16.

P. P. BLISS.

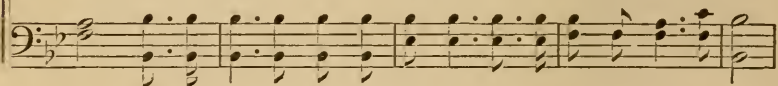
P. P. BLISS, by per.



1. Brightly beams our Fa-ther's mercy From His light-house ev - er-
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows
3. Trim your fee-ble lamp, my brother: Some poor sail - or, tem-pest-



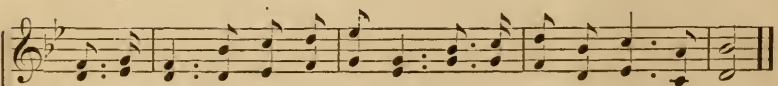
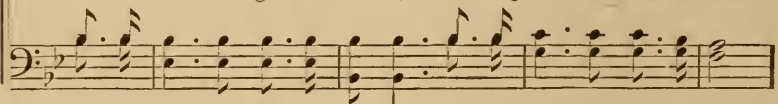
more, But to us He gives the keeping Of the lights a-long the shore.
roar; Eager eyes are watching, longing, For the lights along the shore.
tost, Trying now to make the harbor, In the darkness may be lost.



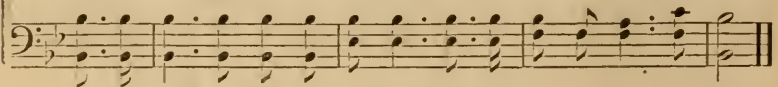
REFRAIN.



Let the low - er lights be burning! Send a gleam a - cross the wave!



Some poor fainting, struggling seaman You may rescue, you may save.



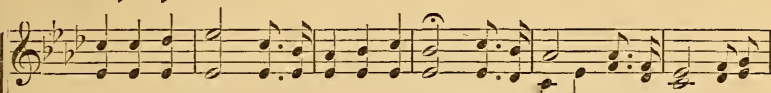
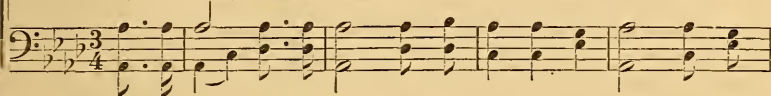
No. 57. HOLD IT UP TO THE WORLD.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."—Mark xvi: 15.

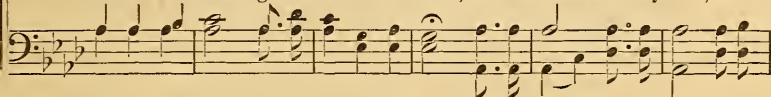
W. H. DOANE, by per.



1. Take the cross, take the cross, hold it up to the world, With its
2. Lift it high, lift it high, let the friendless be-hold; There are
3. Take the cross, take the cross, and re-joice in the Lord; Go ye
4. Oh, the cross, bless-ed cross, with the blood crimson tide Like a



banner of hope by the Savior unfurled; Hold it up, and the lost to its hearts that will weep when its story is told; Lift it high, and the poor to its forth, go ye forth in the strength of His word; Hold it up, and the eye of the river of love flowing down from its side; To the cross all may come; hold it



refuge may flee Where the dear Savior pleads: I am seeking for thee.
shelter may flee Where the dear Savior pleads: I have suffered for thee.
careless may see Where the dear Savior pleads: I was wounded for thee.
up and proclaim Here is pardon and peace thro' a Savior's dear name,



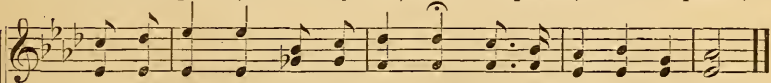
REFRAIN.



Hold it up to the world, Hold it up to the world;



Hold it upward, hold it upward, Hold it upward, hold it upward,



Fal - ter nev - er, hold it ev - er, Hold it up to the world.

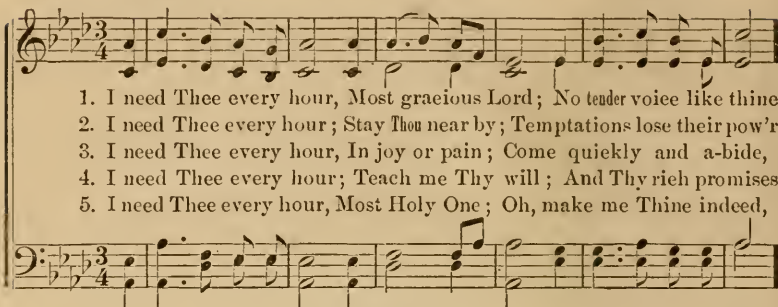


No. 58. I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.

"Without me ye can do nothing."—John xv: 5.

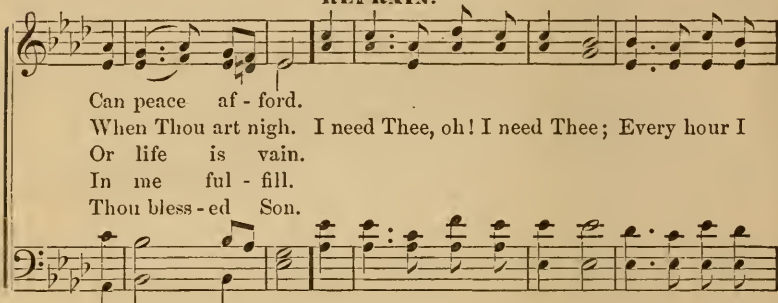
Mrs. A. S. HAWKS.

R. LOWRY, by per.

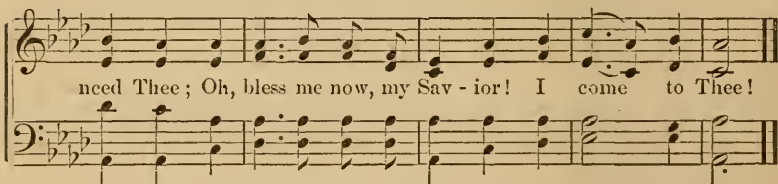


1. I need Thee every hour, Most gracious Lord; No tender voice like thine
 2. I need Thee every hour; Stay Thou near by; Temptations lose their pow'r
 3. I need Thee every hour, In joy or pain; Come quickly and a-bide,
 4. I need Thee every hour; Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich promises
 5. I need Thee every hour, Most Holy One; Oh, make me Thine indeed,

REFRAIN.



Can peace af - ford.
 When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, oh! I need Thee; Every hour I
 Or life is vain.
 In me ful - fill.
 Thou bless - ed Son.



need Thee; Oh, bless me now, my Sav - ior! I come to Thee!

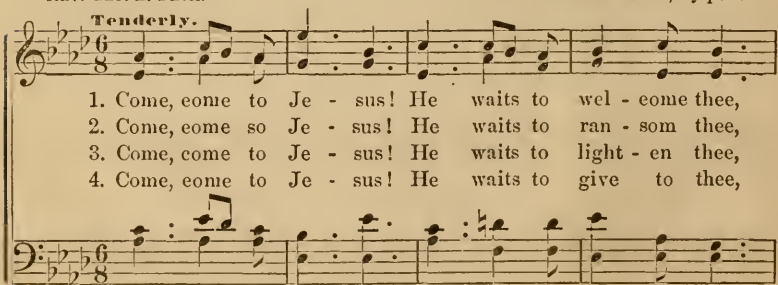
No. 59. JESUS WAITS FOR THEE.

"Come unto me."—Isa. lv: 3.

REV. GEO. B. PECK.

HUBERT P. MAIN, by per..

Tenderly.



1. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to wel - come thee,
 2. Come, come so Je - sus! He waits to ran - som thee,
 3. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to light - en thee,
 4. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to give to thee,

JESUS WAITS FOR THEE. Concluded.

O Wand'rer, ea - ger - ly; Come, come to Je - sus!
 O Slave, e - ter - nal - ly; Come, come to Je - sus!
 O Bur-dened! gra - cious-ly; Come, come to Je - sus!
 O Blind! a vi - sion free! Come, come to Je - sus!

5 Come, come to Jesus!
 He waits to shelter thee,
 O Weary! blessedly;
 Come, come to Jesus!

6 Come, come to Jesus!
 He waits to carry thee,
 O Lamb! so lovingly;
 Come, come to Jesus!

No. 60. MORE FAITHFUL TO THEE.

"Be ye holy."—Lev. xx: 7.

F. J. C.

Slow.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

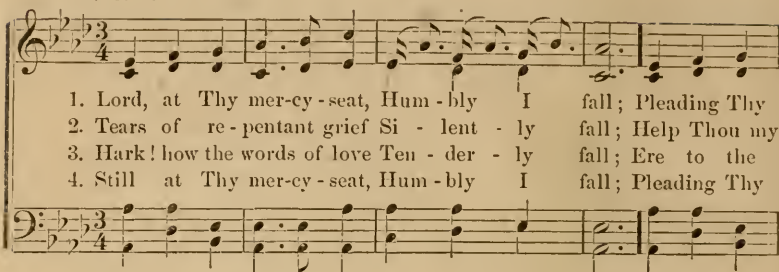
1. Draw nearer, my Savior, In mer-cy be - hold, And keep me for-
 2. More humble in spir-it, More fervent in pray'r, More cheerful and
 3. Come, blessed Redeemer, Now dwell in my heart, My hope and my

ev - er Safe, safe in the fold; More watchful and trusting,
 willing My tri - als to bear; More ear-nest in la - bor,
 comfort, For ev - er Thou art; In all my tempta - tions,

Oh, help me to be, More ho-ly, dear Savior, More faithful to Thee.

No. 61. LORD, AT THY MERCY-SEAT.

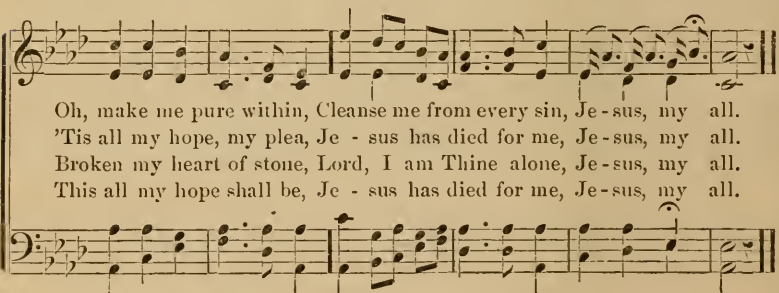
F. J. CROSBY. *"I will commune with thee from above."—Num. vii: 89.*



1. Lord, at Thy mer-cy - seat, Hum - bly I fall; Pleading Thy
 2. Tears of re - pentant grief Si - lent - ly fall; Help Thou my
 3. Hark! how the words of love Ten - der - ly fall; Ere to the
 4. Still at Thy mer-cy - seat, Hum - bly I fall; Pleading Thy



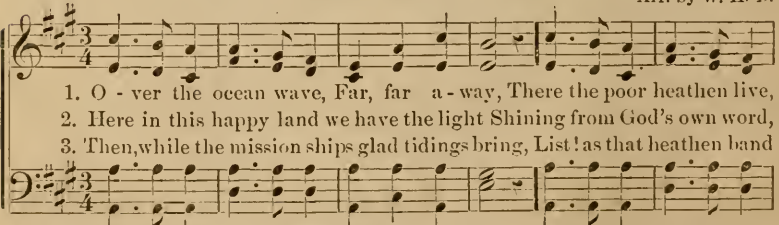
prom - ise sweet, Lord, hear my call. Now let Thy work be - gin,
 un - be - lief, Hear Thou my call. Oh, how I pine for Thee,
 realms a - bove, Heard is my call. Now ev - ery doubt has flown,
 prom - ise sweet, Heard is my call. Faith wings my soul to Thee,



Oh, make me pure within, Cleanse me from every sin, Je - sus, my all.
 'Tis all my hope, my plea, Je - sus has died for me, Je - sus, my all.
 Broken my heart of stone, Lord, I am Thine alone, Je - sus, my all.
 This all my hope shall be, Je - sus has died for me, Je - sus, my all.

No. 62. OVER THE OCEAN WAVE. Missionary.

"I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance."—Psa. ii: 8. Arr. by W. H. D.



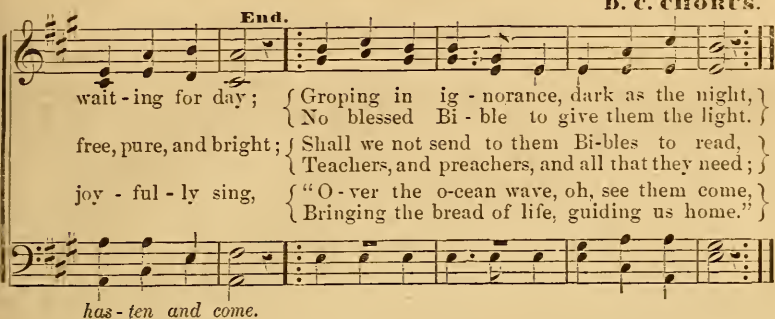
1. O - ver the ocean wave, Far, far a - way, There the poor heathen live,
 2. Here in this happy land we have the light Shining from God's own word,
 3. Then, while the mission ships glad tidings bring, List! as that heathen band

CHOR. Pit - y them, pit - y them, Christians at home, Haste with the bread of life,

OVER THE OCEAN WAVE. Concluded.

D. C. CHORUS.

End.



wait - ing for day ; { Groping in ig - norance, dark as the night, }
 free, pure, and bright ; { No blessed Bi - ble to give them the light. }
 joy - ful - ly sing, { "O - ver the o - cean wave, oh, see them come, }
 { Bringing the bread of life, guiding us home." }

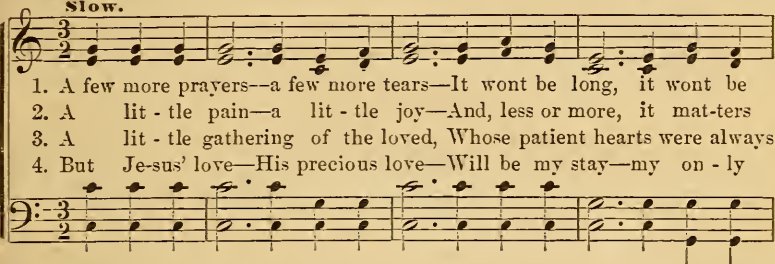
has - ten and come.

No. 63. IN THE VALLEY. Quartette.

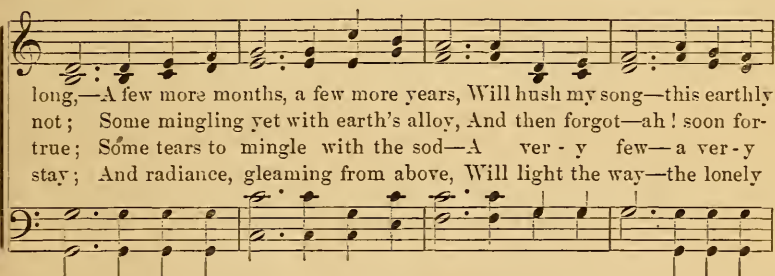
Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS. "They seek a country."—Heb. xi: 14.

R. LOWRY, by per.

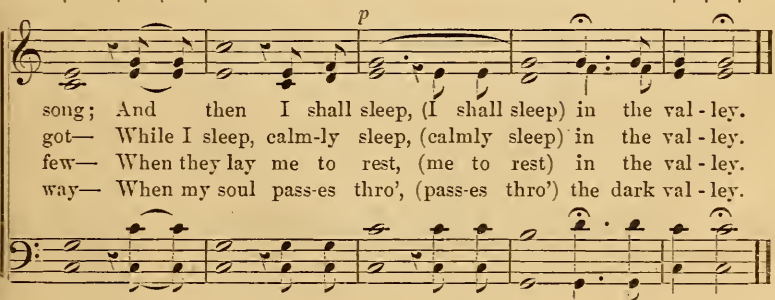
Slow.



1. A few more prayers—a few more tears—It wont be long, it wont be
 2. A lit - tle pain—a lit - tle joy—And, less or more, it mat - ters
 3. A lit - tle gathering of the loved, Whose patient hearts were always
 4. But Je - sus' love—His precious love—Will be my stay—my on - ly



long,—A few more months, a few more years, Will hush my song—this earthly
 not ; Some mingling yet with earth's alloy, And then forgot—ah ! soon for -
 true ; Some tears to mingle with the sod—A ver - y few—a ver - y
 stay ; And radiance, gleaming from above, Will light the way—the lonely



song ; And then I shall sleep, (I shall sleep) in the val - ley.
 got— While I sleep, calm - ly sleep, (calmly sleep) in the val - ley.
 few— When they lay me to rest, (me to rest) in the val - ley.
 way— When my soul pass - es thro', (pass - es thro') the dark val - ley.

"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you."—Numb. x: 29.

F. J. C.

R. LOWRY, by per.

1. Brighter and brighter the way is growing—We will journey on;
 2. Brighter and brighter our hope is shining—We will journey on;
 3. Firm to the arm of the Sav-ior clinging—We will journey on;
 4. Near-er the mansions with beauty glowing—We will journey on;

Pur-er and clearer the streams are flowing—We will journey on;
 Clos-er and clos-er our hearts are twining—We will journey on;
 Sweet-er and sweeter our songs are ringing—We will journey on;
 Near-er the flow-ers im-mor-tal growing—We will journey on;

Streams that in peaceful murmurs glide, Fed by a fountain deep and wide—
 On-ly a while we pause to rest Un-der the cross that Jesus blessed;
 What if a pass-ing cloud a-rise? What if its gloom should vail our skies?
 Near-er the tree of life so fair, Nearer, the heavenly fruit to share,

Cheered by their voice on every side, We will journey on, We will journey on.
 Wearing His name on every breast, We will journey on, We will journey on.
 Touched by His hand, it fades, it dies—We will journey on, We will journey on.
 Glory to God! we'll soon be there—We will journey on, We will journey on.

journey on,

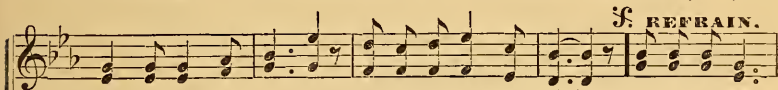
"My brethren, rejoice in the Lord."—Phil. iii: 1.

F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

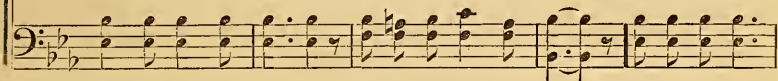


1. Tell it with joy, Tell it with joy; Love in my bos-om is glowing;
 2. Tell it with joy, Tell it with joy; Wonder-ful, won-der-ful sto-ry!
 3. Come unto Him, Come unto Him; Mer-cy is ten-der-ly pleading;

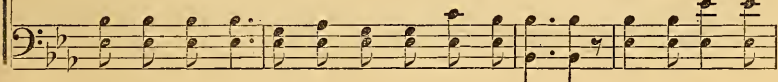


REFRAIN.

Jesus' blood has cleansed me, Jesus has made me free: 1. Tell it again,
 I was lost till mer-cy Gently came down from heav'n: 2,3. Tell it with joy,
 Wea-ry, hea-vy la-den, Still there is room for thee: On-ly believe,




Tell it a-gain; Oh, the sweet rapture of par-don! Grace divine has
 Tell it with joy; Now I am hap-py in Je-sus; All is calm and
 On-ly believe; Je-sus is ready and willing; All may come and




End.

saved me, And Je-sus my all shall be. Wea-ry and lone-ly,
 peace-ful, And all of my sins for-given. I will a-dore Him,
 wel-come, Sal-va-tion for all is free. Why will ye lin-ger?




D. S.

Seeking in vain for pleasure, Far from the fold my spirit had gone astray:

Je-sus, my dear Redeemer, Yes I will give Him glory from day to day.

Mer-cy is still entreating, Come and be happy, come and with rapture say—



"Whether we live, we live unto the Lord."—Rom. xiv: 8.

REV. J. W. CUSTIS.

R. LOWRY, by per..

1. I want to live for Je - sus, And work with ear-nest heart,
 2. I would not choose my la - bor, Nor say where I would serve,
 3. The shadows long are grow - ing, The tides are ebb - ing fast,
 4. Oh, help me, Lord, to cher - ish Each mo-ment that may come,

That when a - gain He com - eth, I may with Him have part.
 But do what God command - eth, And ne'er from du - ty swerve.
 And soon the time for do - ing Will be for - ev - er past.
 To fill it with rich treas - ures For my e - ter - nal home.

CHORUS.

Oh, give me grace to la - bor, And gird me for the plow;

And what my hand may find to do, Oh, help me do it now.

"We shall be like him."—1 John iii: 2

FANNY CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

Slow, with feeling.

1. More like Je - sus would I be, Let my Sav - ior dwell with me;
 2. If He hears the ra - ven's cry, If His ev - er - watchful eye
 3. More like Je - sus when I pray, More like Je - sus day by day,

Fill my soul with peace and love—Make me gentle as a dove;
 Marks the sparrows when they fall, Sure - ly He will hear my call.
 May I rest me by His side, Where the tranquil wa-ters glide.

More like Je - sus while I go, Pil - grim in this world be - low;
 He will teach me how to live, All my simple thoughts forgive;
 Born of Him through grace renewed, By His love my will sub - dued,

Poor in spir - it would I be, Let my Savior dwell in me.
 Pure in heart I still would be—Let my Savior dwell in me.
 Rich in faith I still would be—Let my Savior dwell in me.

"Go after that which is lost."—Luke xv: 4.

F. J. C.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. From the hundred sheep which the Shepherd's care Had protected many a
 2. There was joy, great joy in the Shepherd's fold, When His long, long journey was
 3. Oh, that Shepherd kind is the Son of God, Who has borne our sorrow and

day, There was one went forth, and its rest - less feet In the
 o'er, And the poor lost sheep that had gone a - stray, In His
 eare; It was He who said there is joy in heaven O'er the

desert wandered away; Then the Shepherd's heart was grieved, and He
 arms He tenderly bore; Then the Shepherd's heart was glad, and He
 wanderer's penitent prayer; To the soul He bringeth back to His

kind - ly said: On the mountain it will languish and pine; I will
 said to all: What a moment of re - joie - ing is mine! For I
 fold of grace, To His precious fold of mer - ey di - vine, How His

go and search for the sheep I lost, I will leave the ninety and nine.
 love my sheep that I lost and found, More than all the ninety and nine.
 heart goes out, for He loves that one More than all the ninety and nine.

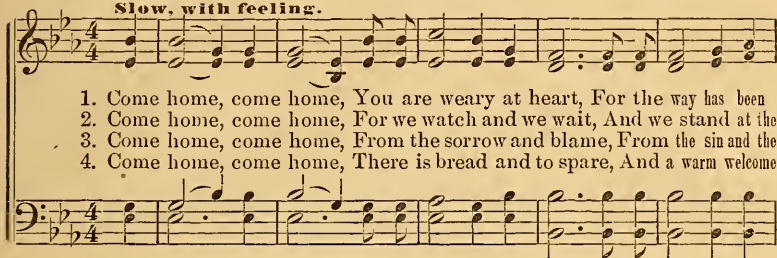
No. 69.

THE PRODIGAL CHILD.

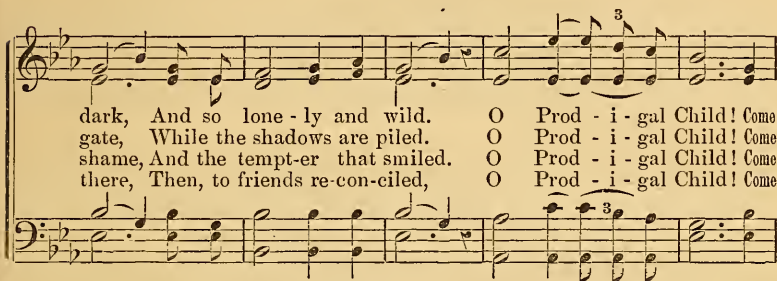
"I will arise and go to my father."—Luke xv: 18.

Mrs. E. H. GATES,

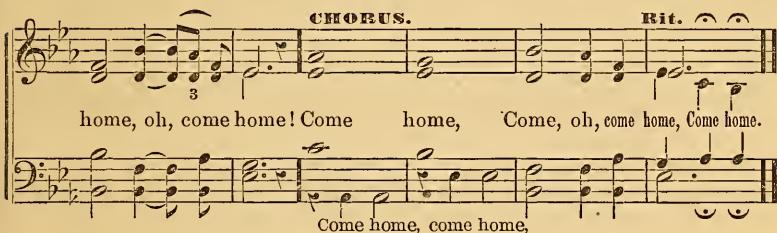
W. H. DOANE, by per.

Slow, with feeling.


1. Come home, come home, You are weary at heart, For the way has been
2. Come home, come home, For we watch and we wait, And we stand at the
3. Come home, come home, From the sorrow and blame, From the sin and the
4. Come home, come home, There is bread and to spare, And a warm welcome



dark, And so lone - ly and wild. O Prod - i - gal Child! Come
gate, While the shadows are piled. O Prod - i - gal Child! Come
shame, And the tempt - er that smiled. O Prod - i - gal Child! Come
there, Then, to friends re - con - ciled, O Prod - i - gal Child! Come

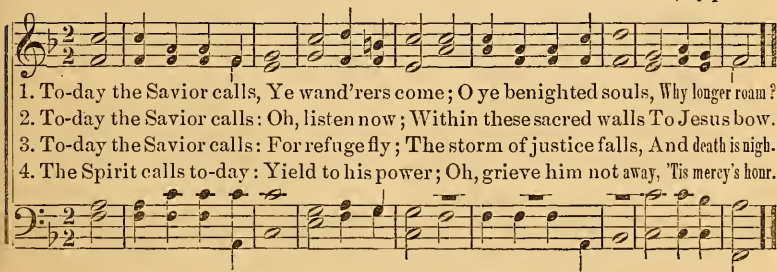


CHORUS. **Rit.**
home, oh, come home! Come home, Come, oh, come home, Come home.
Come home, come home,

No. 70. TO-DAY THE SAVIOR CALLS. (Amoy).

"To-day if ye will hear his voice."—Ps. xcv. 7.

DR. L. MASON, by per.



1. To-day the Savior calls, Ye wand'ers come; O ye benighted souls, Why longer roam?
2. To-day the Savior calls: Oh, listen now; Within these sacred walls To Jesus bow.
3. To-day the Savior calls: For refuge fly; The storm of justice falls, And death is nigh.
4. The Spirit calls to-day: Yield to his power; Oh, grieve him not away, 'Tis mercy's hour.

No. 71.

GIVE THY HEART TO ME.

"Son, give me thine heart."—Prov. xxiii : 26.

Mrs. F. V. ALSTINE.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

Softly. Chanting style.

1. Hark! there comes a whisper Stealing on thine ear; 'Tis the Savior calling,
 2. Still that voice so gently, Dost thou hear Him say : Tell me all thy sorrows,
 3. Wouldst thou find a refuge For thy soul oppressed, Jesus kindly answers,
 4. At the cross of Je-sus Let thy burden fall, While He gently whispers,

REFRAIN.

Soft, soft and clear.
 Come, come a-way. Give thy heart to me, Once I died for
 I am thy rest.
 I'll bear it all.

Just now

Thee, Hark! Hark, thy Sav - ior calls, Come, sin - ner, come.
 oh, come,

No. 72. THERE ARE ANGELS HOVERING ROUND.

Arr. by W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. There are angels hov'ring round, There are angels hov'ring round, There are

an - gels, an - gels hov'ring round.
 2 To carry the tidings home,
 To the New Jerusalem,
 There are, etc.
 3 Let him that heareth, come,
 Oh, come, while yet there's room,
 There are, etc.

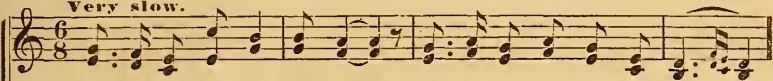
No. 73.

OH, TO BE NOTHING.

"Neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth."—1 Cor. iii : 7.

GEORGIANA M. TAYLOR, 1869.

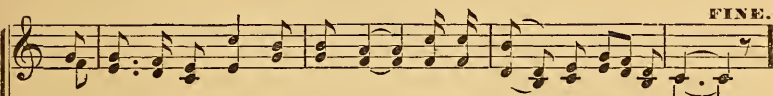
R. GEO. HALLS, by per. Arr. by P. P. BLISS.

Very slow.

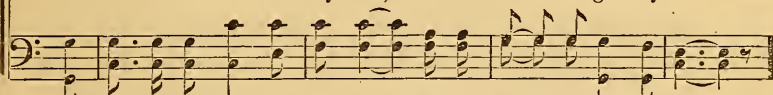
1. Oh, to be noth-ing, noth-ing, On - ly to lie at His feet,
 2. Oh, to be noth-ing, noth-ing, On - ly as led by His hand;
 3. Oh, to be noth-ing, noth-ing, Painful the humbling may be,



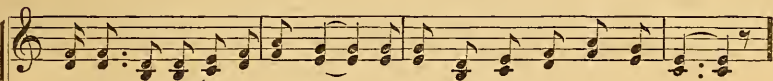
CHO. Oh, to be noth - ing, noth - ing, On - ly to lie at His feet,

**FINE.**

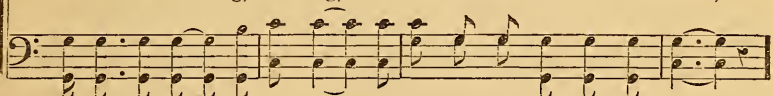
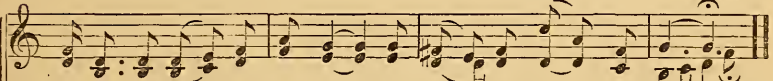
- A bro-ken and emptied ves - sel, For the Master's use made meet.
 A mes-senger at His gate-way, On - ly waiting for His command.
 Yet low in the dust I'd lay me, That the world might my Savior see.



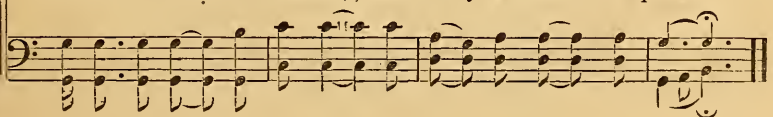
A bro - ken and emp-tied ves - sel, For the Mas - ter's use made meet.



- Emptied that He might fill me As forth to His serv-ice I go;
 On - ly an instrument read-y His praises to sound at His will,
 Rather be noth-ing, noth-ing, To Him let their voices be raised,

**D. C. CHORUS.**

- Broken, that so un - hin-dered, His life through me might flow.
 Willing, should He not require me, In silence to wait on Him still.
 He is the Fountain of bless-ing, He on - ly is meet to be praised.



"Peace through the blood of his cross."—Coll. i: 29.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre - cious fountain
 2. Near the cross, a trembling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
 3. Near the cross, O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
 4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing ev - er,

Free to all— a heal - ing stream, Flows from Calvary's mountain.
 There the bright and morning star Shed its beams a - round me.
 Help me walk from day to day, With its shadows o'er me.
 Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.

REFRAIN.

In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er;

Till my raptured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

No. 75. WEARY ONE, WAND'RING ONE.

"Speak a word in season to him that is weary."—Isa. 1: 4.

DUO. *p* **Tenderly.**

R. GEO. HALL. Arr. by W. H. DOANE.

Weary one, wand'ring one, Jesus is calling thee; Weary one, wand'ring one, calling thee home.

mf

1. Hard hath He fought for thee, Tender - ly sought for thee, See, He has
2. Come, for the Sav-ior's face Mak - eth each des . ert place Shining with
3. No foe shall en - ter there, No bur - den en - ter there, Je - sus, the

REFRAIN.

brought for thee Par - don at home.
love and peace All the way home. Wea - ry one, wand'ring one,
cen - ter there, Call - eth the home.

pp **Dim.**

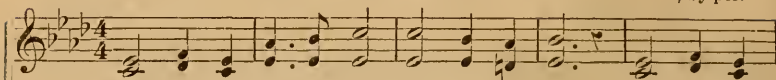
Je - sus is call-ing thee, Je-sus is call-ing thee, List-en and come.

No. 76. MORE LOVE TO THEE, O CHRIST.

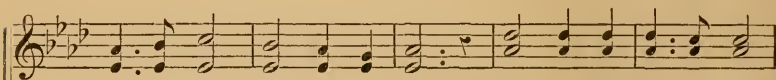
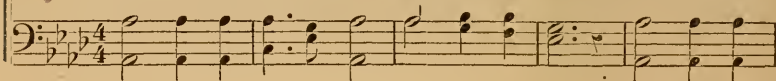
"Continue ye in my love."—John xv: 19.

Mrs. E. PRENTISS.

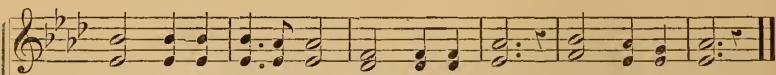
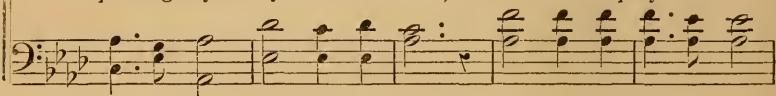
W. H. DOANE, by per.



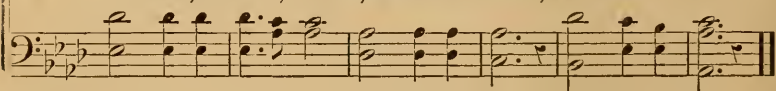
1. More love to thee, O Christ! More love to thee! Hear thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest, Now Thee a-
3. Let sor-row do its work, Send grief and pain, Sweet are Thy
4. Then shall my lat-est breath Whisper Thy praise; This be the



- | | |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| prayer I make, On bended knee; | This is my ear-nest plea; |
| lone I seek, Give what is best: | This all my prayer shall be, |
| mes-sen-gers, Sweet their re-frain, | When they can sing with me— |
| part-ing ery My heart shall raise, | This still its prayer shall be: |



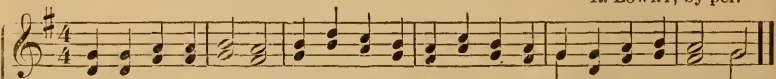
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee.



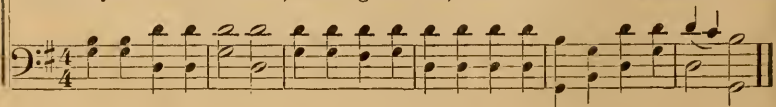
No. 77. THERE IS NONE LIKE JESUS.

"Cast your care on Him, for he careth for you."—1 Pet. v: 7.

R. LOWRY, by per.



1. Cast your care on Jesus; He will share it, He will bear it—There is none like Jesus.
2. Cast your sin on Jesus; He will take it, Now forsake it—There is none like Jesus.
3. Cast your heart on Jesus; Do not grieve Him, Just believe Him—There is none like Jesus.



"The grace of God that bringeth salvation,"—Tit. ii: 11.

JOHN NEWTON.

R. LOWRY, by per.

1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!
 2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-lieved;
 3. Through many dangers, toils, and snares, I have al - ready come;
 4. Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mor - tal life shall cease,
 5. The earth shall soon dissolve like snow, The sun for-bear to shine;

I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see.
 How pre-cious did that grace ap - pear, The hour I first be-lieved!
 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
 I shall possess, within the veil, A life of joy and peace.
 But God, who called me here be - low, Will be for - ev - er mine.

REFRAIN.

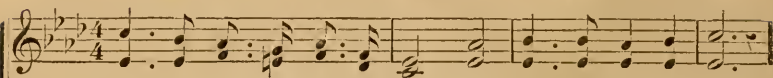
Oh, the 'grace, the pre-cious grace, The grace that res - cued me—

That wrote my par - don in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.

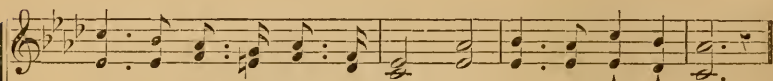
"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."—Acts ii: 21.

FANNY J. CROSBY,

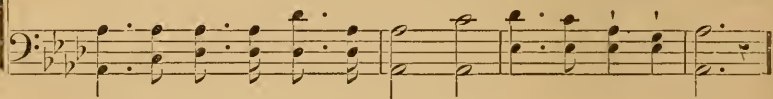
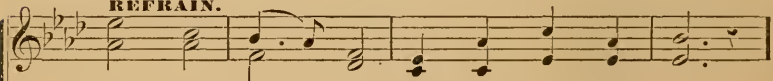
W. H. DOANE, by per.



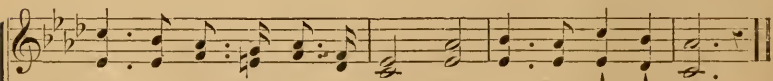
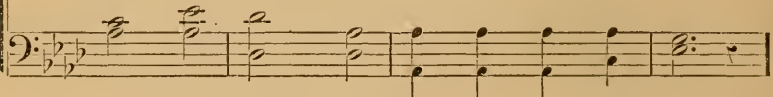
1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry;
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief,
3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face;
4. Thou the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me,



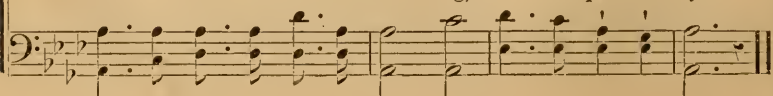
While on oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
 Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.
 Heal my wounded, brok - en spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
 Whom have I on earth be - side Thee? Whom in Heaven but Thee?

**REFRAIN.**

Sav - ior, Sav - ior, hear my' hum - ble cry,



While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.



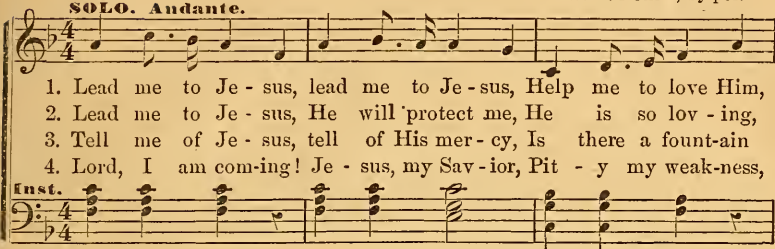
No. 80.

LEAD ME TO JESUS.

"He went about seeking some to lead him."—Acts xiii: 11.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

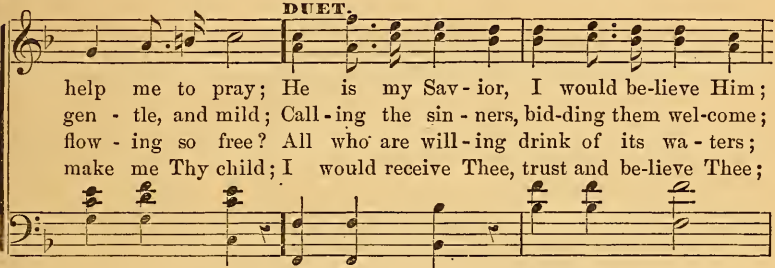
SOLO. Andante.



1. Lead me to Je - sus, lead me to Je - sus, Help me to love Him,
 2. Lead me to Je - sus, He will 'protect me, He is so lov - ing,
 3. Tell me of Je - sus, tell of His mer - cy, Is there a fount - ain
 4. Lord, I am com - ing! Je - sus, my Sav - ior, Pit - y my weak - ness,

Inst.

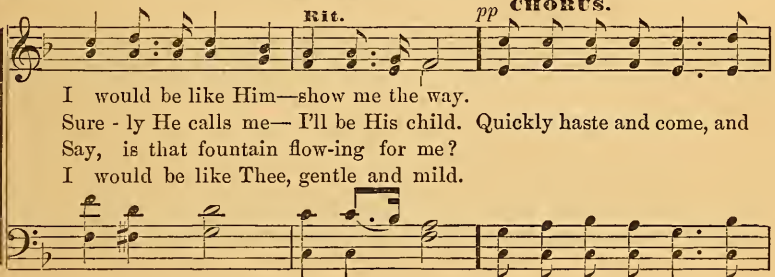
DUET.



help me to pray; He is my Sav - ior, I would be - lieve Him;
 gen - tle, and mild; Call - ing the sin - ners, bid - ding them wel - come;
 flow - ing so free? All who are will - ing drink of its wa - ters;
 make me Thy child; I would receive Thee, trust and be - lieve Thee;

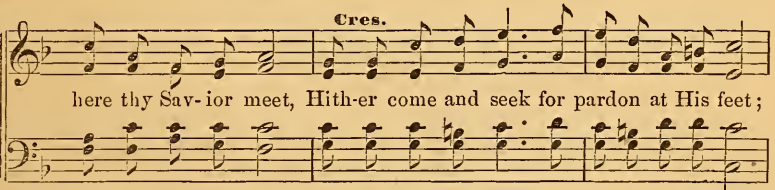
Rit.

pp CHORUS.

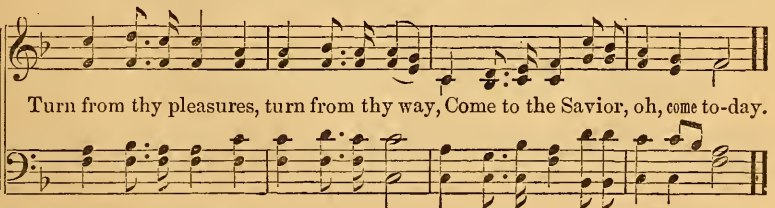


I would be like Him—show me the way.
 Sure - ly He calls me—I'll be His child. Quickly haste and come, and
 Say, is that fountain flow - ing for me?
 I would be like Thee, gentle and mild.

Cres.



here thy Sav - ior meet, Hith - er come and seek for pardon at His feet;



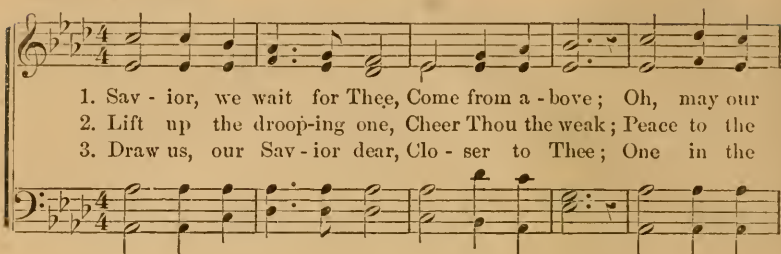
Turn from thy pleasures, turn from thy way, Come to the Savior, oh, come to - day.

No. 81. SAVIOR, WE WAIT FOR THEE.

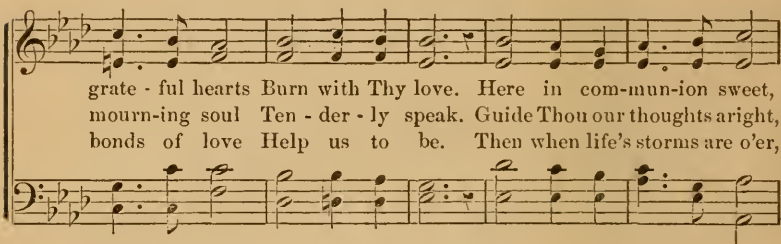
"Our soul waiteth for the Lord."—Psa. xxxii : 20.

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

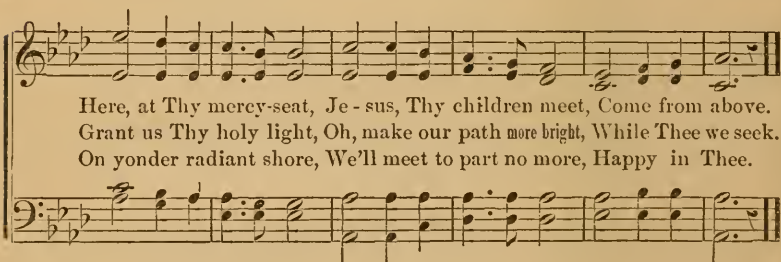
W. H. D.



1. Sav - ior, we wait for Thee, Come from a - bove ; Oh, may our
 2. Lift up the droop - ing one, Cheer Thou the weak ; Peace to the
 3. Draw us, our Sav - ior dear, Clo - ser to Thee ; One in the



grate - ful hearts Burn with Thy love. Here in com - mun - ion sweet,
 mourn - ing soul Ten - der - ly speak. Guide Thou our thoughts aright,
 bonds of love Help us to be. Then when life's storms are o'er,



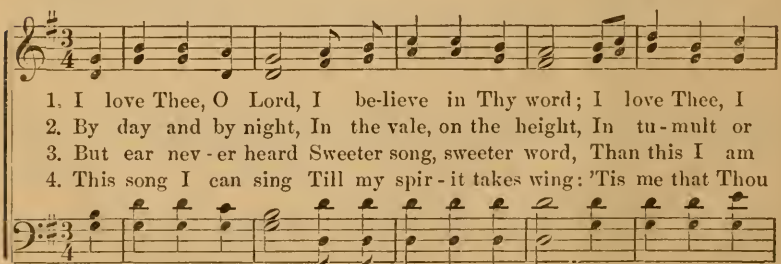
Here, at Thy mercy-seat, Je - sus, Thy children meet, Come from above.
 Grant us Thy holy light, Oh, make our path more bright, While Thee we seek.
 On yonder radiant shore, We'll meet to part no more, Happy in Thee.

No. 82. I LOVE THEE.

"Thou knowest that I love thee."—John xxi : 17.

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS.

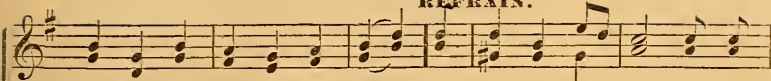
R. LOWRY, by per.



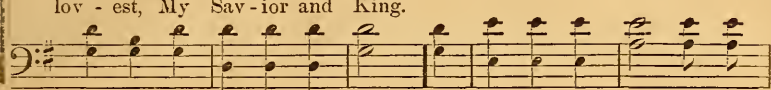
1. I love Thee, O Lord, I be - lieve in Thy word ; I love Thee, I
 2. By day and by night, In the vale, on the height, In tu - mult or
 3. But ear nev - er heard Sweeter song, sweeter word, Than this I am
 4. This song I can sing Till my spir - it takes wing : 'Tis me that Thou

I LOVE THEE. Concluded.

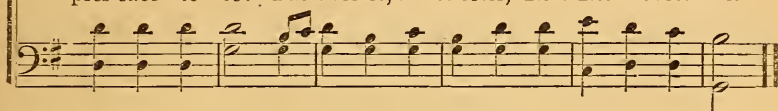
REFRAIN.



love Thee, I love Thee, my Lord.
 si - lence, Thou art my de - light. How sweet to love Thee—In Thy
 sing - ing: Thou lov - est me, Lord.
 lov - est, My Sav - ior and King.




pres - ence to be! But sweeter, far sweeter, That Thou lovest me.



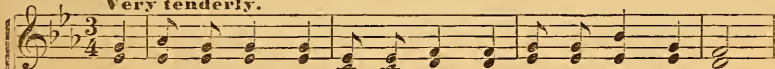
No. 83. ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOR BLEED?

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

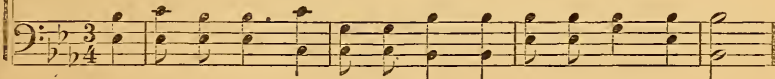

"He was bruised for our iniquities."—Isa. liii: 5.

W. H. D.

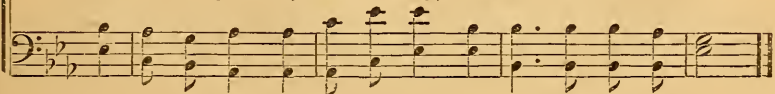
Very tenderly.



1. A - las! and did my Savior bleed? And did my Sov'reign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned upon the tree?
 3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
 4. Thus might I hide my blushing face, Whilst His dear cross appears,
 5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree.
 When Christ, the mighty Mak - er died For man, the creature's sin.
 Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.



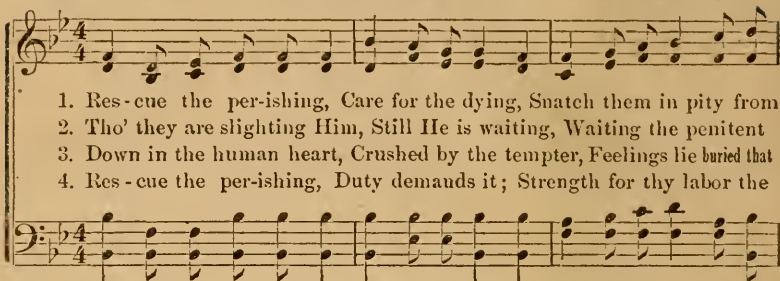
No. 84.

RESCUE THE PERISHING.

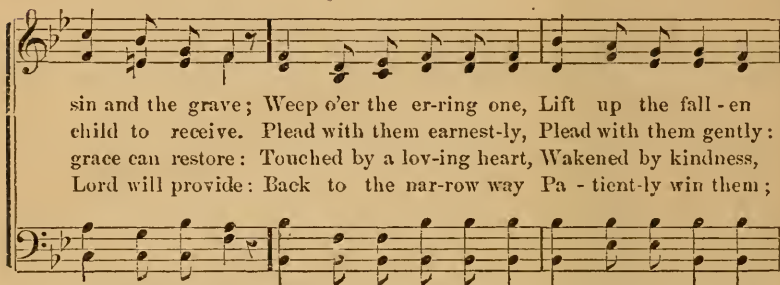
"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."—Luke xiv: 23.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

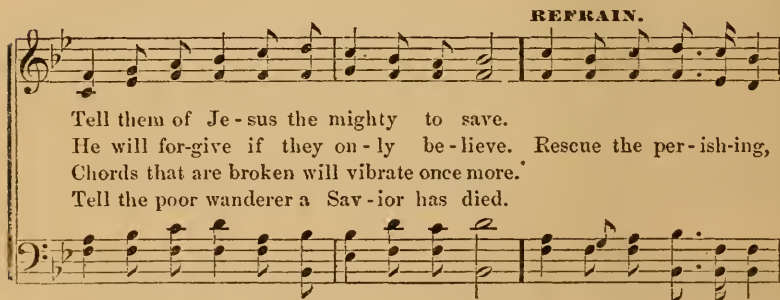


1. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dying, Snatch them in pity from
 2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is waiting, Waiting the penitent
 3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie buried that
 4. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Duty demands it; Strength for thy labor the

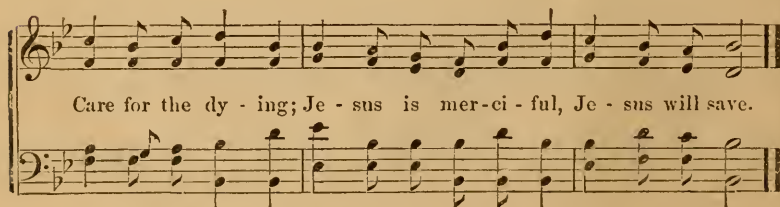


sin and the grave; Weep o'er the er-ring one, Lift up the fall-en
 child to receive. Plead with them earnest-ly, Plead with them gently:
 grace can restore: Touched by a lov-ing heart, Wakened by kindness,
 Lord will provide: Back to the nar-row way Pa-tient-ly win them;

REFRAIN.



Tell them of Je-sus the mighty to save.
 He will for-give if they on-ly be-lieve. Rescue the per-ish-ing,
 Chords that are broken will vibrate once more.
 Tell the poor wanderer a Sav-ior has died.



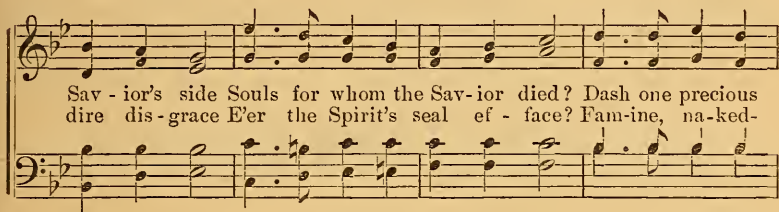
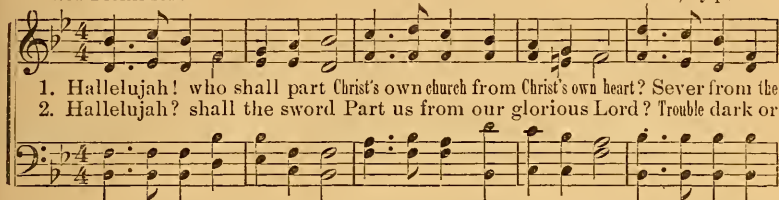
Care for the dy-ing; Je-sus is mer-ci-ful, Je-sus will save.

No. 85. HALLELUJAH! WHO SHALL PART?

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?"—Rom. viii: 35.

WM. DICKINSON.

R. LOWRY, by per.



No. 86. KEEP ME, LORD, FOREVER THINE.

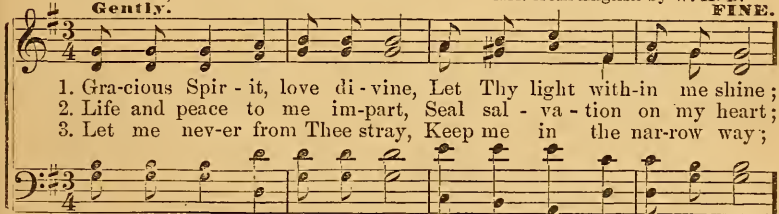
"And I will put my Spirit within you."—Ezek. xxxvi: 27.

JOHN STOCKER, 1776.

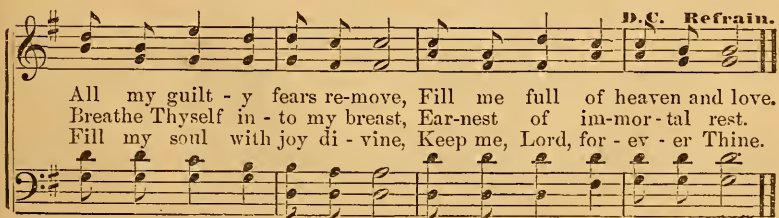
Arr. from English by W. H. D.

Gently.

FINE.



REF. Keep me, Lord, for - ev - er Thine, Let Thy light with - in me shine.



WAITING AND WATCHING FOR ME. Concluded.

wait-ing and watch-ing for me? Be wait-ing and
wait-ing and watch-ing for me? Be wait-ing

watching, Be wait-ing and watch-ing for me?
and watching,

Repeat pp

No. 88. LOVING SAVIOR, ONLY THEE.

"Whom have I in heaven but thee?"—Ps. lxxiii: 25.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. On - ly Thee, my soul's Redeemer! Whom have I in heaven beside?
2. On - ly Thee! no joy I co - vet But the joy to call Thee mine—
3. On - ly Thee! I ask no oth - er, Thou art more than all to me;
4. Only Thee, whose blood has cleansed me, Would my raptured vision see,

Who on earth, with love so ten-der, All my wand'ring steps will guide.
Joy that gives the blest assurance, Thou hast owned and sealed me Thine
Life, or health, or creature comfort,—I would give them all for Thee.
While my faith is reaching up-ward, Ev - er upward, Lord, to Thee.

REFRAIN.

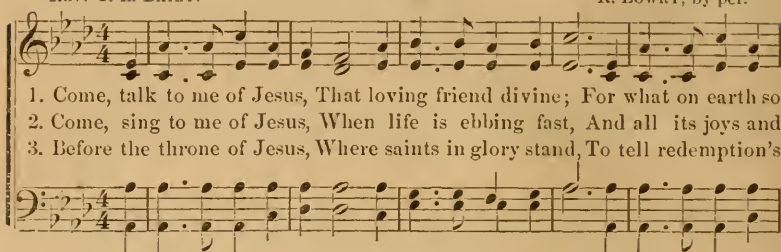
On - ly Thee, on - ly Thee, Lov - ing Sav - ior, on - ly Thee.

No. 89. I LOVE TO HEAR OF JESUS.

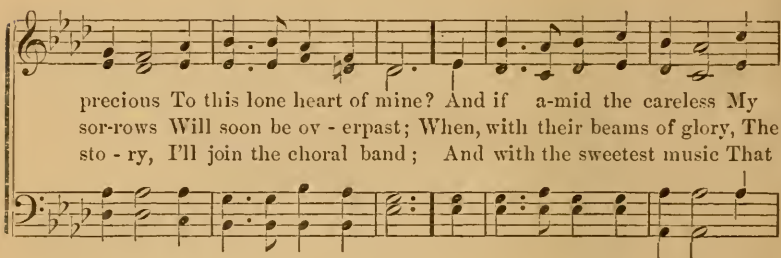
"And preached unto him Jesus."—Acts viii: 35.

REV. T. L. BAILY.

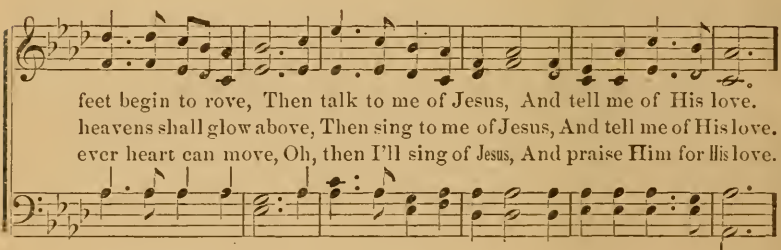
R. LOWRY, by per.



1. Come, talk to me of Jesus, That loving friend divine; For what on earth so
2. Come, sing to me of Jesus, When life is ebbing fast, And all its joys and
3. Before the throne of Jesus, Where saints in glory stand, To tell redemption's

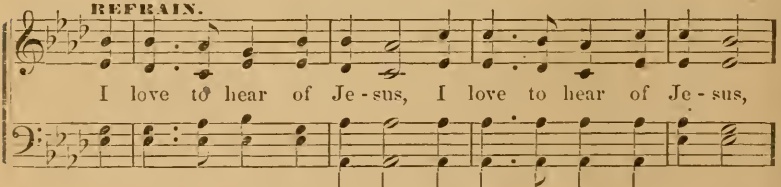


precious To this lone heart of mine? And if a-mid the careless My
sor-rows Will soon be ov - erpast; When, with their beams of glory, The
sto - ry, I'll join the choral band; And with the sweetest music That

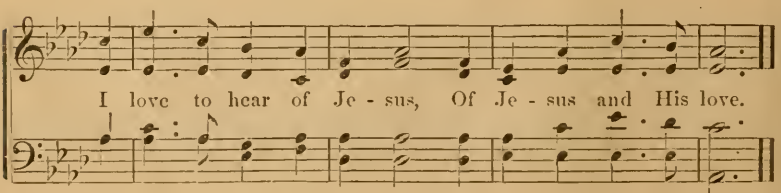


feet begin to rove, Then talk to me of Jesus, And tell me of His love.
heavens shall glow above, Then sing to me of Jesus, And tell me of His love.
ever heart can move, Oh, then I'll sing of Jesus, And praise Him for His love.

REFRAIN.



I love to hear of Je - sus, I love to hear of Je - sus,



I love to hear of Je - sus, Of Je - sus and His love.

"Cleanse me from my sin."—Ps. li: 2.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

Slowly.

1. Savior, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee ;
 2. Thro' this changing world below, Lead me gently, gently as I go ;
 3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er ;

Let Thy precious blood applied, Keep me ever, ev-er near Thy side.
 Trusting Thee I can not stray, I can never, nev-er lose my way.
 Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world above.

REFRAIN.

Ev - ery day, ev - ery hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing
 Ev - ery day and hour, ev - ery day and hour,

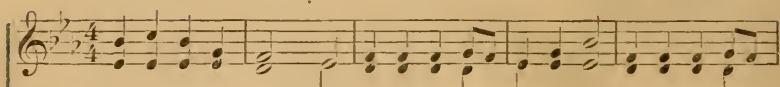
power ; May Thy tender love to me Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to Thee.

No. 91. WEeping Will Not Save Me.

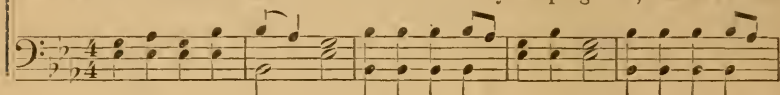
"For by grace are ye saved through faith."—Eph. ii: 8.

R. L.

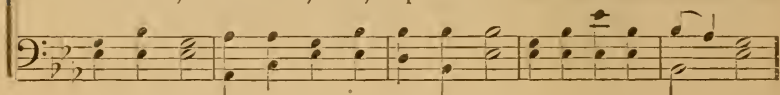
R. LOWRY, by per.



1. Weeping will not save me—Tho' my face were bathed in tears, That could not al-
2. Working will not save me—Purest deeds that I can do, Holiest thought and
3. Waiting will not save me—Helpless, guilty, lost I lie; In my ear is
4. Faith in Christ will save me—Let me trust Thy weeping Son; Trust the work that



lay my fears, Could not wash the sins of years—Weeping will not save me,
feel - ings too, Can not form my soul a-new—Working will not save me.
mer - cy's cry; If I wait I can but die—Wait-ing will not save me.
He has done; To His arms, Lord, help me run—Faith in Christ will save me.



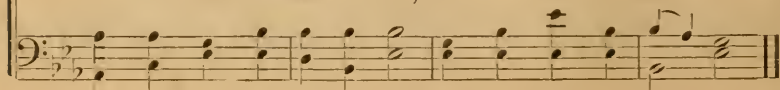
REFRAIN.



Je - sus wept and died for me; Je - sus suf - fered on the tree;



Je - sus waits to make me free, He a - lone can save me.



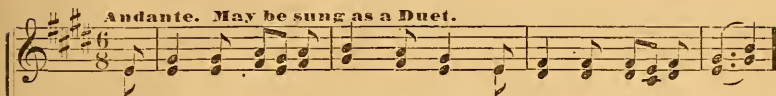
No. 92. OUR BETTER HOME BEYOND.

"Now they desire a better country."—Heb. xi: 16.

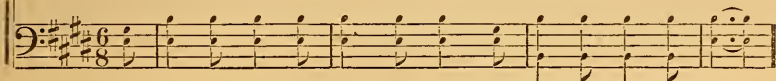
FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

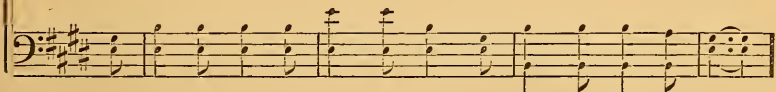
Andante. May be sung as a Duet.



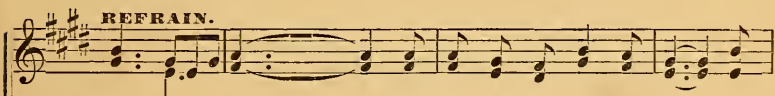
1. Had earth no thorns among its flow'rs, And life no fount of tears,
2. How wise-ly God our cup has filled With mingled joy and grief,
3. Our bet-ter home! how sweet to think, When torn from those we love,
4. Oh, bliss-ful moment, when a - side These earthly robes we'll cast,



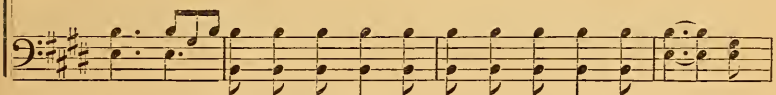
We might for-get our bet-ter home Be-yond this vale of tears.
To teach our hearts that mortal things, Tho' bright, are on-ly brief.
No sad fare-well can ev-er reach Our bet-ter home a-bove.
Then wake to know our souls have found The bet-ter home at last.



REFRAIN.



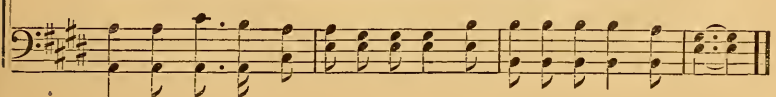
Home, sweet home, . . . Our beau-ti-ful home be-yond; Our



Beau-ti-ful home,

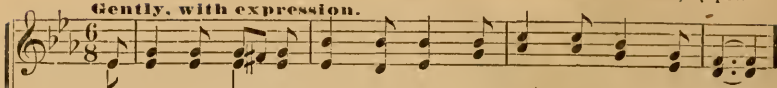


home that Je-sus has gone to prepare, Our beautiful home be-yond.

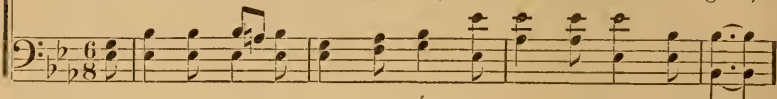


"There I will meet with thee."—Exod. xxv: 22.

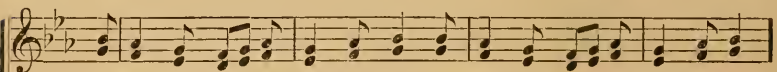
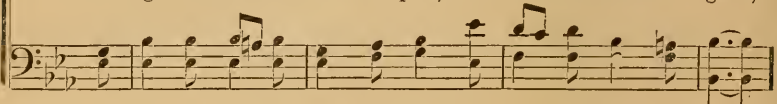
W. H. DOANE, by per.

Gently, with expression.

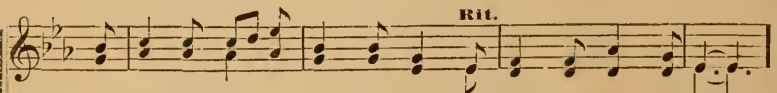
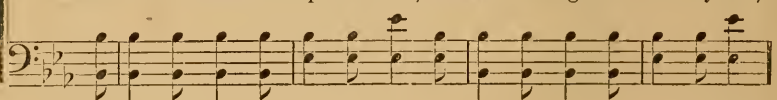
1. A few more sweet communings here, And then we'll meet a - gain;
2. A few more precious hours of prayer, And then we'll meet a - gain;
3. These partings will not al-ways last, And then we'll meet a - gain;



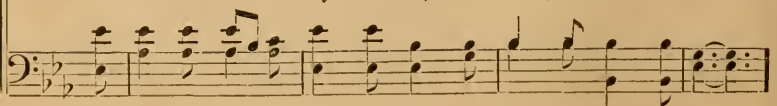
Life's evening time is draw-ing near, And then we'll meet a - gain;
 A lit - tle while the cross to bear, And then we'll meet a - gain;
 The night of tears will soon be past, And then we'll meet a - gain;



If grace thro faith has made us one In Christ, the well-be-lov - ed Son,
 Oh, count it joy when trials come, Tho' pilgrim strangers now we roam,
 We'll meet where kindred spirits dwell, And saints the grand old story tell,



Our Christian race with patience run, We'll meet, yes, meet a - gain.
 Yet gathered safe in heaven our home, We'll meet, yes, meet a - gain.
 We'll meet no more to say farewell, We'll meet, yes, meet a - gain.



WE'LL MEET AGAIN. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Yes, we'll meet a - gain, Yes, we'll meet a - gain; In

heaven a - bove, where all is love, We'll meet, we'll meet a - gain.

No. 94. CONSECRATE ME, LORD.

"Consecrate yourselves this day to the Lord."—Ex. xxxii: 29.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

W. H. D.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee;
 2. Take my hands, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
 3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sa - ges from Thee;
 4. Take my in - tel - lect and use Every power as Thou shalt choose;
 5. Take my love, my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its *treas-ure-store*;

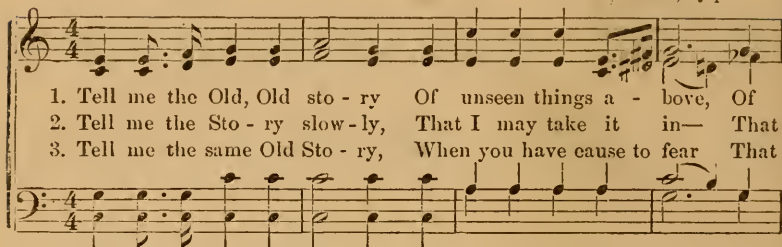
Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
 Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways on - ly for my King.
 Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I be - hold.
 Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no lon - ger mine.
 Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.

No. 95. TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY.

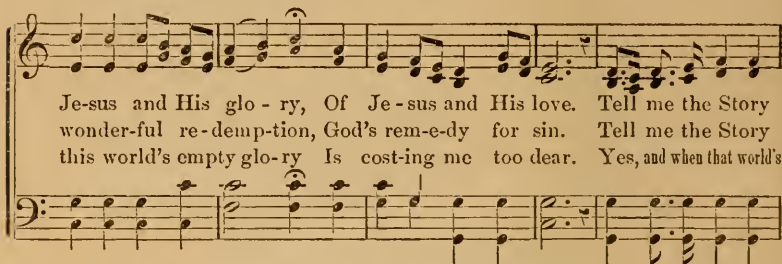
"Tell them how great things the Lord hath done."—Mark v: 19.

MISS KATE HANKEY

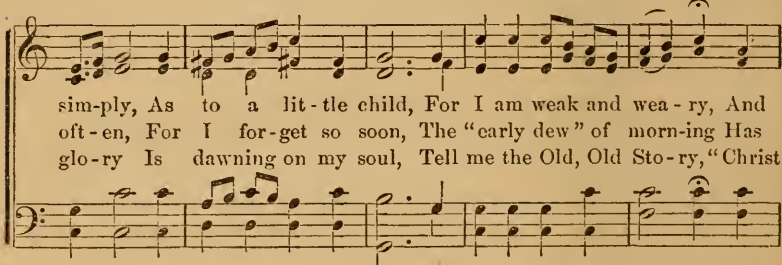
W. H. DOANE, by per.



1. Tell me the Old, Old sto - ry Of unseen things a - bove, Of
 2. Tell me the Sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in— That
 3. Tell me the same Old Sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That

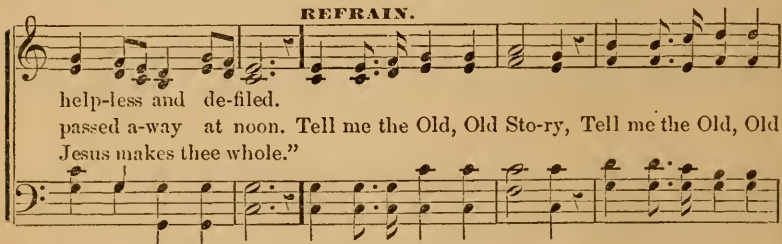


Je-sus and His glo - ry, Of Je-sus and His love. Tell me the Story
 wonder-ful re-demp-tion, God's rem-e-dy for sin. Tell me the Story
 this world's empty glo-ry Is cost-ing me too dear. Yes, and when that world's

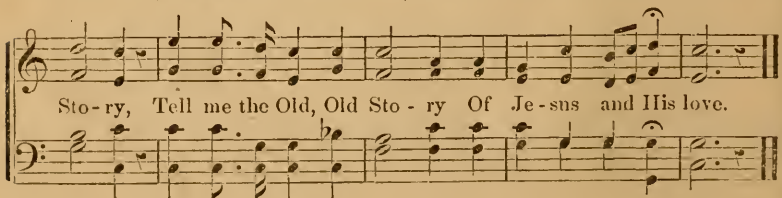


sim-ply, As to a lit-tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry, And
 oft-en, For I for-get so soon, The "early dew" of morn-ing Has
 glo-ry Is dawning on my soul, Tell me the Old, Old Sto-ry, "Christ

REFRAIN.



help-less and de-filed.
 passed a-way at noon. Tell me the Old, Old Sto-ry, Tell me the Old, Old
 Jesus makes thee whole."



Sto-ry, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

No. 96.

REACH ME THY HAND.

With a true heart in full assurance of faith."—Heb. x: 22.

Mrs. E. H. GATES.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Reach me thy hand, my child, Helpless and lonely ; Thro' the drear and desert wild,
 2. Reach me thy hand, my child, Homeless and friendless, Unto me now reconciled,
 3. Reach me thy hand, my child, I am thy Savior ; Perfect and undefiled,
 4. Reach me thy hand, my child, What can betide thee, If the Savior, meek and mild,

'Tis I and I only, Can safely conduct thee, Can safely conduct thee.
 Thy bliss shall be endless In mansions etern-al, In man-sions etern-al.
 Thy sin - ful be-havior, I will not remember, I will not remember.
 Is walking beside thee, And loving thee always, And loving thee always?

No. 97. O LAMB OF GOD, STILL KEEP ME.

"And thou shalt take thy rest in safety."—Job xi: 18.

J. G. DECK, 1857.

From "Songs of Devotion," by per.

1. O Lamb of God, still keep me Near to Thy wounded side ; }
 'Tis on - ly there in safe - ty And peace I can a - bide. }
 D.C. The grace that sought and found me, Alone can keep me clean.

D.C. What foes and snares surround me! What doubts and fears within!

2 'Tis only in Thee hiding,
 I feel my life secure ;
 Only in Thee abiding,
 The conflict can endure.
 Thine arm the victory gaineth
 O'er every hateful foe ;
 Thy love my heart sustaineth
 In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee,
 With rapture, face to face ;
 One-half hath not been told me
 Of all Thy power and grace ;
 Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
 The wonders of Thy love,
 Shall be the endless story
 Of all Thy saints above.

No. 98.

IN THAT HAPPY LAND.

May be sung as a Duet the first time.

Arr. by W. H. D.

1. We are trav'-ling home to heaven above, Will you go with us?
2. Dear compan-ions, will you go with us, Will you go with us?

REF. Oh, that's the heaven I'm long-ing for, That's the heaven I love;

D. C. Refrain.
We are trav'-ling home to heaven a-bove, Will you go with us?
Dear compan-ions, will you go with us To that hap-py land?
Oh that's the heaven I'm long-ing for That's the heaven for me.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 3 Dear parents, will you go with us,
Will you go with us?
Dear parents, will you go with us,
To that happy land? | 5 Let us meet, dear parents, in that
In that happy land; [land,
Let us meet, dear parents, in that
In that happy land. [land. |
| 4 Let us meet, dear children, in that
In that happy land; [land,
Let us meet, dear children, in that
In that happy land. [land, | 6 Our Savior He will lead us on!
Will you go with us?
Our Savior He will lead us on!
Will you go with us? |

No. 99.

COME TO JESUS.

1. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, just

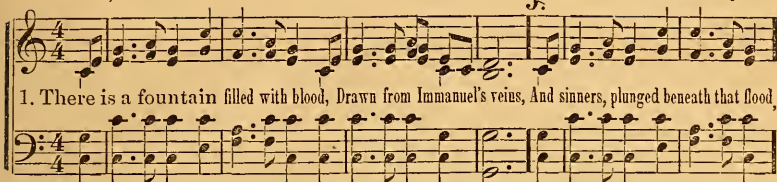
now, just now, Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, just now.

- | | | |
|----------------------|-----------------------|-------------------------|
| 2 He will save you. | 7 Call upon Him. | 12 He will cleanse you. |
| 3 Oh, believe Him. | 8 He will hear you. | 13 He will clothe you. |
| 4 He is able. | 9 Look unto Him. | 14 Jesus loves you. |
| 5 He is willing. | 10 He'll forgive you. | 15 Do'n't reject Him. |
| 6 He'll receive you. | 11 Flee to Jesus. | 16 Only trust Him. |

No. 100. THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

COWPER, 1779.

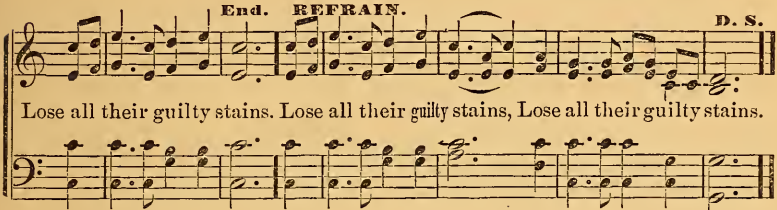
Old Melody.



1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,

D. S. And sinners, plunged, etc.

End. REFRAIN.



Lose all their guilty stains. Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.

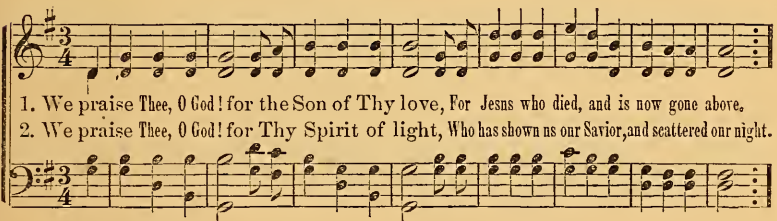
2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 And when this feeble, stam'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

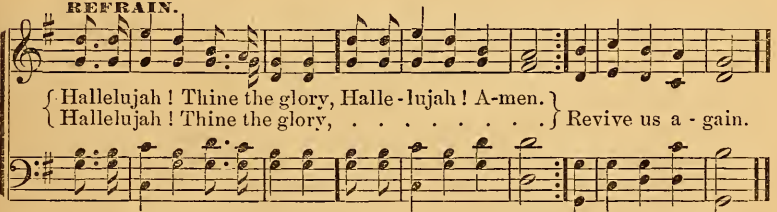
No. 101. WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD.



1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light, Who has shown us our Savior, and scattered our night.

REFRAIN.



{ Hallelujah! Thine the glory, Halle-lujah! A-men. }
{ Hallelujah! Thine the glory, } Revive us a - gain.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb
that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has
cleansed every stain.

4 Revive us again; fill each heart with
Thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire
from above.

No. 102. COME THOU FOUNT. (Nettleton.)

REV. R. ROBINSON, 1758.

DR. NETTLETON, 1824.

Eng.

1. Come Thou Fount of ev - ery blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy praise; }
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise. }
D.C. Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it, Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.

Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flaming tongues above; D. C.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come,
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God,
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

2 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love,
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 103. ALL HAIL THE POWER. (Coronation.)

REV. EDWARD PERRONET, 1780.

O. HOLDEN, 1831.

With spirit.
1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall: Bring forth the royal diadem,

And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.
3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,

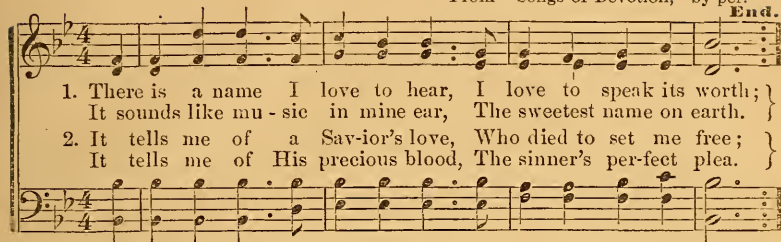
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.
4 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 104. THERE IS A NAME I LOVE.

"I will bless thy name forever."—Ps. cxlv; 2.

From "Songs of Devotion," by per.

End.



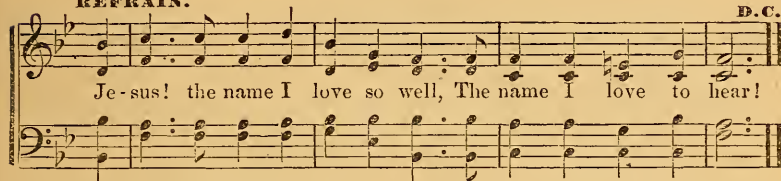
1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to speak its worth; }
It sounds like mu - sic in mine ear, The sweetest name on earth. }

2. It tells me of a Sav - ior's love, Who died to set me free; }
It tells me of His precious blood, The sinner's per - fect plea. }

D. C. No saint on earth its worth can tell, No heart con - ceive how dear!

REFRAIN.

D. C.



Je - sus! the name I love so well, The name I love to hear!

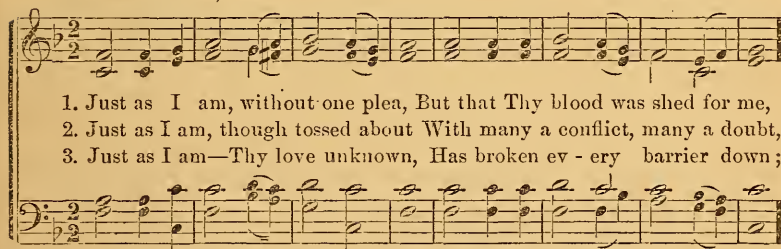
3 It tells of one whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in my sorrow bears a part
That none can bear below.

4 It bids my trembling heart rejoice,
It dries each rising tear;
It tells me, in a "still small voice,"
To trust and never fear.

No. 105. JUST AS I AM.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836.

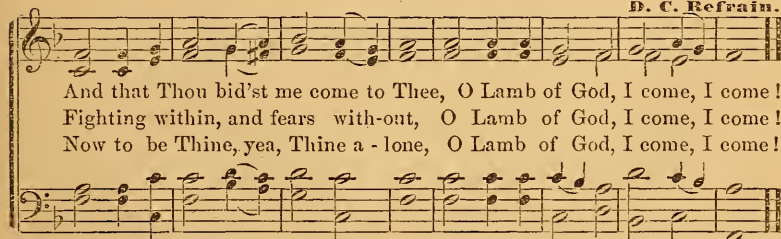
GREGORIAN.



1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, though tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt,
3. Just as I am—Thy love unknown, Has broken ev - ery barrier down;

REF. Just as I am, I come, I come, Yea, to be Thine, I come, I come;

D. C. Refrain.



And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Fighting within, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

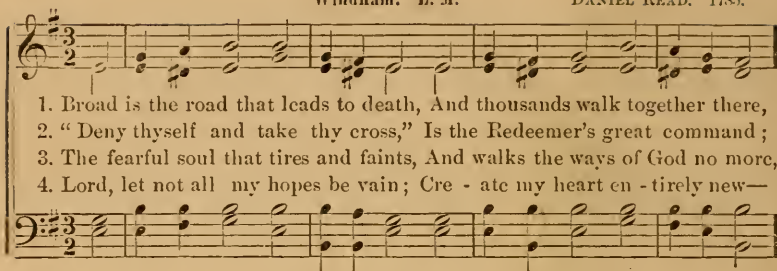
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

No. 106.

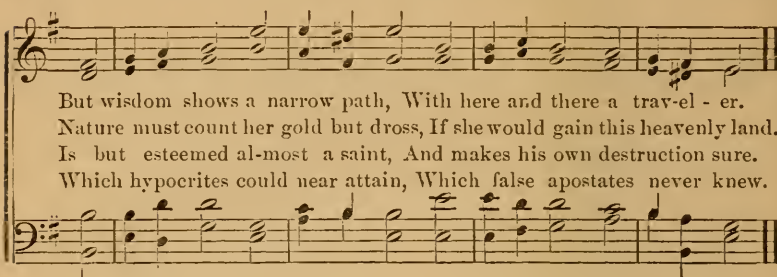
BROAD IS THE ROAD.

Windham. L. M.

DANIEL READ. 1785.



1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk together there,
2. "Deny thyself and take thy cross," Is the Redeemer's great command ;
3. The fearful soul that tires and faints, And walks the ways of God no more,
4. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain ; Cre - ate my heart en - tirely new—



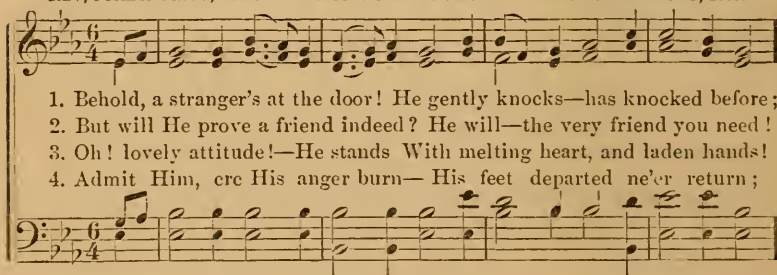
But wisdom shows a narrow path, With here and there a trav-el - er.
 Nature must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this heavenly land.
 Is but esteemed al-most a saint, And makes his own destruction sure.
 Which hypocrites could near attain, Which false apostates never knew.

No. 107. BEHOLD A STRANGER AT THE DOOR.

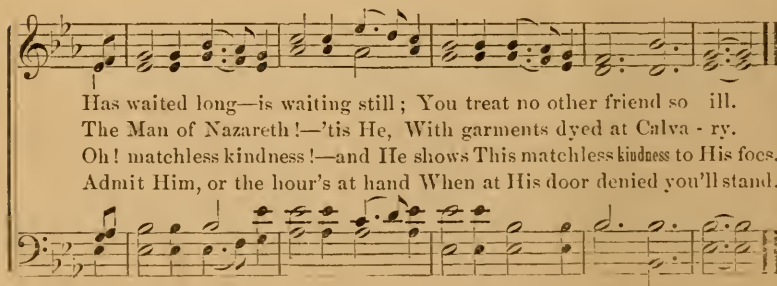
REV. JOSEPH GRIGG, 1765.

Woodworth. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1849.



1. Behold, a stranger's at the door! He gently knocks—has knocked before ;
2. But will He prove a friend indeed ? He will—the very friend you need !
3. Oh ! lovely attitude!—He stands With melting heart, and laden hands !
4. Admit Him, ere His anger burn— His feet departed ne'er return ;



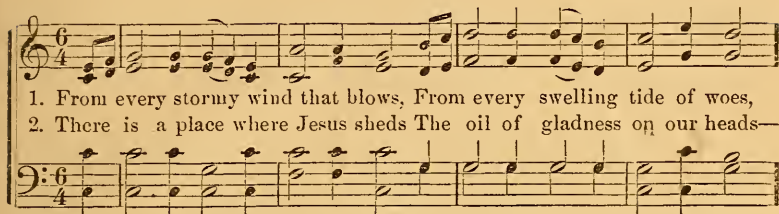
Has waited long—is waiting still ; You treat no other friend so ill.
 The Man of Nazareth!—'tis He, With garments dyed at Calva - ry.
 Oh ! matchless kindness !—and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
 Admit Him, or the hour's at hand When at His door denied you'll stand.

No. 108. FROM EVERY STORMY WIND.

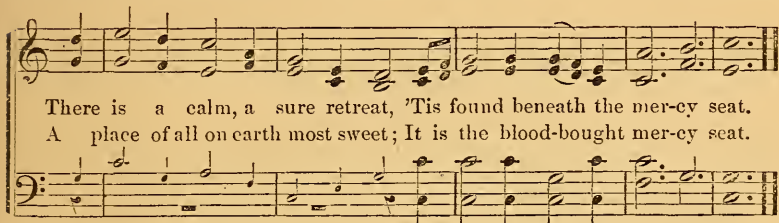
REV. HUGH STOWELL, 1832.

Retreat. L. M.

T. HASTINGS, 1840.



1. From every stormy wind that blows, From every swelling tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Jesus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads—



There is a calm, a sure retreat, 'Tis found beneath the mer-cy seat.
A place of all on earth most sweet; It is the blood-bought mer-cy seat.

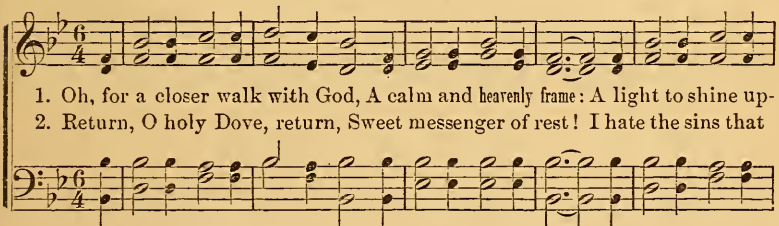
<p>3 There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend; Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet Around one common mercy seat.</p>	<p>4 There, there on eagle wings we soar, And sin and sense molest no more; And heaven comes down our souls to greet, And glory crowns the mercy seat.</p>
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No. 109. OH, FOR A CLOSER WALK.

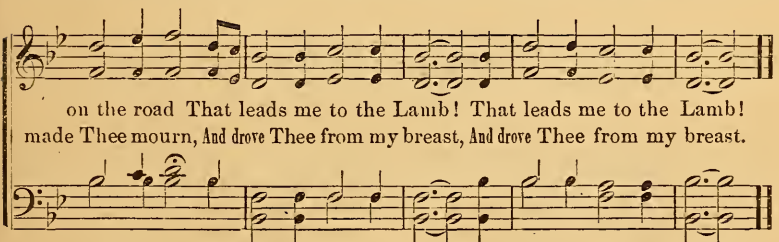
WILLIAM COWPER, 1779.

Ortonville. C. M.

Dr. HASTINGS, 1837.



1. Oh, for a closer walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame: A light to shine up-
2. Return, O holy Dove, return, Sweet messenger of rest! I hate the sins that



on the road That leads me to the Lamb! That leads me to the Lamb!
made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast, And drove Thee from my breast.

<p>3 The dearest idol I have known, Whate'er that idol be, Help me to tear it from Thy throne, And worship only Thee.</p>	<p>4 So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and serene my frame; So purer light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb.</p>
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No. 110. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.

MARTYN. 7.

S. B. MARSH, 1834.

End.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly; }
While the raging billows roll, While the tempest still is high. }
D.C. Safe in - to the haven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.

Hide me, O my Sav - ior! hide, Till the storm of life is past ;

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee!
Leave, ah! leave me not alone!
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want!
All and all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint;
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile, and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

No. 111. ROCK OF AGES.

REV. A. M. TOPLADY, 1776.

Dr. HASTINGS, 1830.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
D. C. Be of sin a dou - ble enre, Save from wrath, and make me pure.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flowed,

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no langnor know,
This for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

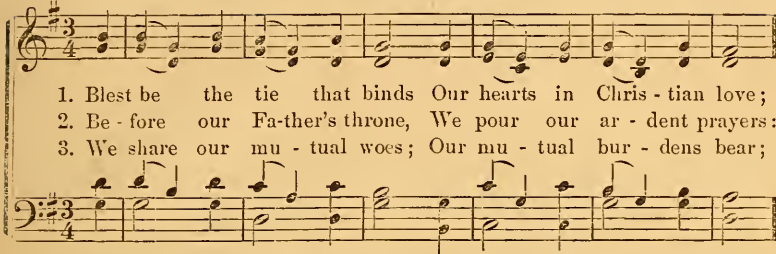
No. 112.

BLEST BE THE TIE.

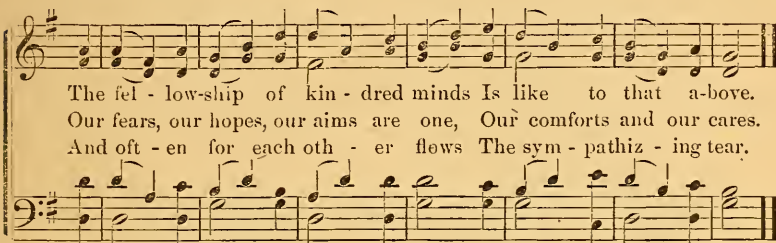
REV. J. FAWCETT, 1772.

Dennis. S. M.

H. G. NAGELI, 1832.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent prayers:
 3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;



The fel - low-ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.
 And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pathiz - ing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain;
 But we shall still be joined in heart,
 And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
 Our courage by the way;
 While each in expectation lives,
 And longs to see the day.

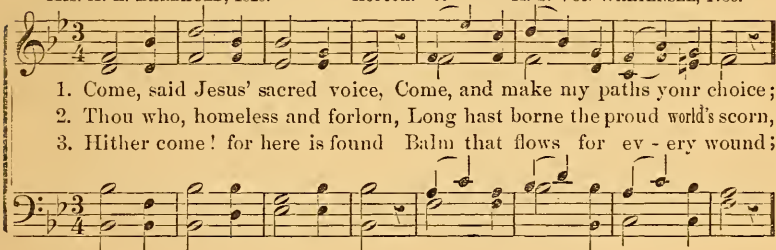
No. 113.

COME, SAID JESUS.

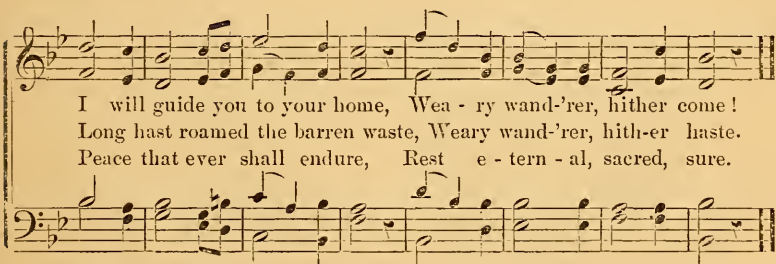
Mrs. A. L. BARBAULD, 1825.

Horton. 7.

X. S. VON WARTENSEE, 1786.



1. Come, said Jesus' sacred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice;
 2. Thou who, homeless and forlorn, Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
 3. Hither come! for here is found Balm that flows for ev - ery wound;



I will guide you to your home, Wea - ry wand - 'rer, hither come!
 Long hast roamed the barren waste, Weary wand - 'rer, hith - er haste.
 Peace that ever shall endure, Rest e - tern - al, sacred, sure.

No. 114. OH, TURN YE, OH, TURN YE.

Epistulation. 11. REV. JOSIAH HOPKINS, 1830.

1. Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die, { When God, in great
Now Je - sus in-

mercy is coming so nigh? }
vites you, the Spirit says, Come ! } And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive, Oh! how can you question, if you will believe? If sin is your burden, why will you not come? 'Tis you He bids welcome; He bids you come home.	3 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light; Though storms rage around us, our God is our might; So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we come; The Lord is our leader, and heaven is our home!
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No. 115. I AM TRUSTING, LORD, IN THEE.

W. McDONALD.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee; Long has e - vil reigned within;
3. Here I give my all to Thee—Friends, and time, and earthly store;
4. In the prom - is - es I trust; Now I feel the blood applied;

REF. I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

D. C. Refrain.
I am count - ing all but dross; I shall Thy sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me, I will cleanse you from all sin.
Soul and bod - y Thine to be— Wholly Thine—forev - er more.
I am prostrate in the dust; I with Christ am cru - ci - fied.

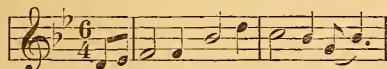
Humbly at Thy cross I bow; Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

116 What a friend in Jesus.



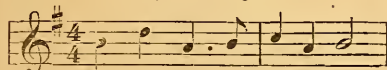
- 1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer.
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Every thing to God in prayer.
- 2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our refuge—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

117 Cross and Crown. C. M.



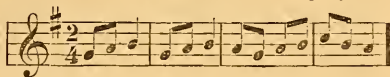
- 1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.
- 2 How happy are the saints above
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.
- 3 The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear—
For there's a crown for me!

118 Pleyel's Hymn. 7.



- 1 Haste, O sinner, now be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.
- 2 Haste, and mercy now implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Haste, O sinner, now return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

119 Invitation. 8. 7. 4.



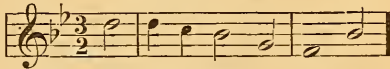
- 1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power,
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.
- 2 Come, ye thirsty, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh—
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.
- 4 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you—
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

120 Waiting by the River.

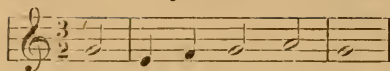


- 1 Tho' the mist hang o'er the river,
And its billows loudly roar,
Yet we hear the song of angels
Wafted from the other shore.
- CHO.—We are waiting by the river,
We are watching on the shore,
Only waiting for the angels,
Soon they'll come to bear us o'er.
- 2 He has called for many a loved one,
We have seen them leave our side;
With our Savior we shall meet them
When we, too, have crossed the tide.
 - 3 When we've passed that vale of shadows,
With its dark and chilling tide,
In that bright and glorious city
We shall evermore abide.

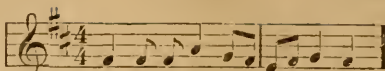
121 State Street. S. M.



- 1 The Spirit in our hearts
Is whispering, "Sinner, come;"
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all His children, "Come!"
- 2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ, the fountain, come.

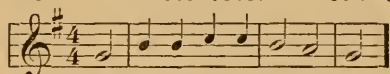


- 1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears
The wond'ring angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.



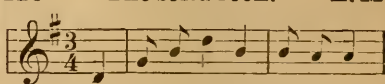
- 1 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:
- 2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.
- 3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

123 Peterboro. C. M.



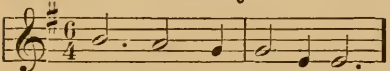
- 1 Oh, for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!
- 2 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt.
- 3 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

126 The solid rock. L. M.



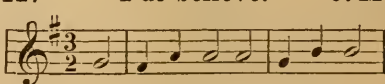
- 1 My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness:
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name;
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.
- 2 When darkness seems to veil his face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale
My anchor holds within the veil;
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

124 Bethany. 6. 4.



- 1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me.
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
- 2 Though like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
- 3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

127 I do believe. C. M.



- 1 Father, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah, whither shall I go?

CHORUS:

- I do believe, I now believe,
That Jesus died for me;
And through his blood, his precious
blood,
I shall from sin be free.
- 2 What did thine only Son endure
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death.
 - 3 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes,
Oh may I now receive that gift—
My soul, without it, dies.

128 Sweet hour of prayer.



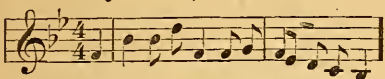
1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,

That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,

Thy wing shall my petition bear
To him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

129 My Jesus, I love thee.



1 My Jesus, I love thee, I know thou art mine,

For thee all the pleasures of sin I resign;
My gracious Redeemer, my Savior art thou,

||: If ever I loved thee, || my Jesus 'tis now.

2 I love thee, because thou hast first loved me,

And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;

I love thee for wearing the thorns on thy brow,

||: If ever I loved thee, || my Jesus, 'tis now.

130 He leadeth me.



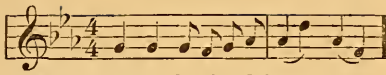
1 He leadeth me! O blessed thought,
Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught
Whate'er I do, whate'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!

REFRAIN:

He leadeth me! he leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

131 Shepard. 8. 7. 4.



1 Savior, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tenderest care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare.

Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bound us, thine we are.

2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;

Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free;

Blessed Jesus,
Let us early turn to thee.

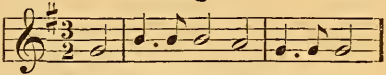
3 Early let us seek thy favor,

Early let us do thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Savior,

With thy love our bosom fill;
Blessed Jesus,

Thou hast loved us, love us still.

132 Arlington. C. M.



1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;

Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

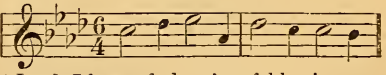
3 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate;

Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;

Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

133 Even me. 8. 7. 3.



1 Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing
Thou art scatt'ring full and free—
Show'rs, the thirsty land refreshing,
Let some droppings fall on me—
Even me.

2 Pass me not, O God, our Father!
Sinful though my heart may be,
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me—
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Savior!
Let me live and cling to thee,
For I'm longing for thy favor;
Whilst thou art calling, oh call me—
Even me.

134 The sweetest name. C. M.

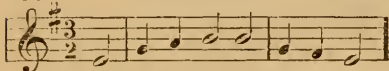


1 There is no name so sweet on earth,
No name so sweet in heaven—
The name before his wondrous birth
To Christ the Savior given.
We love to sing around our King,
And hail him blessed Jesus;
For there's no word ear ever heard
So dear, so sweet, as Jesus.

2 And when he hung upon the tree,
They wrote this name above him,
That all might see the reason we
For evermore must love him.
We love to sing, etc.

3 So now, upon his Father's throne,
Almighty to release us
From sin and pains, he ever reigns,
The Prince and Savior, Jesus.
We love to sing, etc.

135 Windham. L. M.



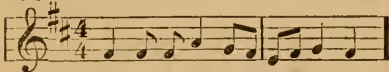
1 Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offenses pain my eyes.

4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy
word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

136 Naomi. C. M.

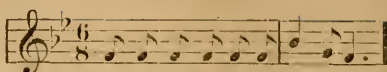


1 Oh, could I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God;
Then would my hours glide sweet away
While leaning on his word.

2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 Blest Jesus, come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

137 Water of life.



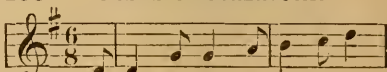
1 Jesus the water of life will give,
Freely, freely, freely,
Jesus the water of life will give,
Freely to those who love him.
Come to that fountain, O drink and live,
Freely, freely, freely,
Come to that fountain, O drink and live,
Flowing for those that love him.

CHORUS:

The Spirit and the Bride say come,
Freely, freely, freely,
And he that is thirsty let him come,
And drink of the water of life.
The fountain of life is flowing,
Flowing, freely, flowing;
The fountain of life is flowing,
Is flowing for you and for me.

2 Jesus has promised a home in heaven,
Freely, freely, freely,
Jesus has promised a home in heaven,
Freely to those that love him.
Treasures unfading will there be given,
Freely, freely, freely,
Treasures unfading will there be given,
Freely to those that love him.

138 Jesus of Nazareth.



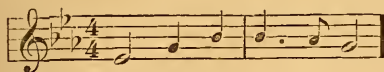
1 What means this eager, anxious throng,
Pressing our busy streets along—
These wondrous gatherings day by day?
What means this strange commotion,
pray?

||Voices in accents hushed, reply,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"||

2 E'en children feel the potent spell,
And haste their new-found joy to tell;
In crowds they to the place repair,
Where Christians daily bow in prayer.
||:Hosannas mingle with the cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!" :||

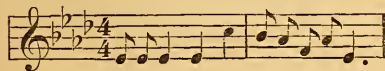
3 Ho, all ye heavy laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, a home;
Lost wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace!
||:Ye tempted! there's a refuge nigh,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!" :||

4 But if you still this call refuse,
And dare such wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer in justice spurn:
||:"Too late! too late!" will be the cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth has passed by." :||



- 1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine,
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.
- 2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh may my love to thee
Pure, warm and changeless be,
A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Savior, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul.

140 Go and tell Jesus.



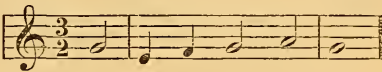
- 1 Go and tell Jesus, weary, sin-sick soul,
He'll ease thee of thy burden, make thee
whole,
Look up to him, he only can forgive,
Believe on him and thou shalt surely live.

CHORUS :

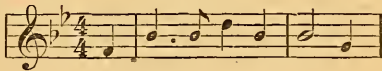
- Go and tell Jesus, he only can forgive,
Go and tell Jesus, oh turn to him and live;
Go and tell Jesus, go and tell Jesus,
Go and tell Jesus, he only can forgive.
- 2 Go and tell Jesus, when your sins arise
Like mountains of deep guilt before your
eyes;
His blood was spilt, his precious life he
gave,
That mercy, peace, and pardon you
might have.
- 3 Go and tell Jesus, he'll dispel thy fears,
Will calm thy doubts, and wipe away thy
tears;
He'll take thee in his arms, and on his
breast
Thou may'st be happy, and forever rest.



- 1 Oh cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam,
All this wide world, to either pole
Hath not for thee a home.
- 2 Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door,
Oh haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.
- 3 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

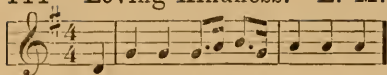


- 1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill.
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live,
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.



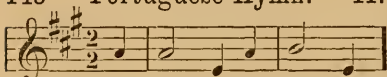
- 1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears.
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.
- 2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour.
Each cry, to heaven going,
Abundant answer brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

144 Loving Kindness. L. M.



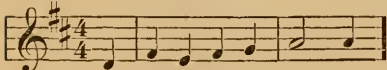
- 1 Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me;
His loving kindness, oh, how free!
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving kindness, oh, how great!
- 3 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

145 Portuguese Hymn. 11.



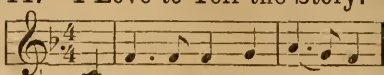
- 1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of
the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent
word;
What more can he say than to you he
hath said—
To you who for refuge to Jesus have
fled!
- 2 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for
repose,
I will not—I will not desert to his foes;
That soul—though all hell should en-
deavor to shake,
Jehovah will never, no, never forsake!

146 Watcher. 7. 6.



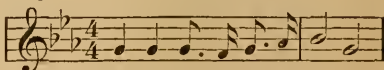
- 1 I want to be like Jesus,
All gentle, pure, and mild;
His seal upon my forehead,
And owned as his dear child.
My heart, so weak and sinful,
All changed by grace divine,
And all my life to serve him,
And ever call him mine.
- 2 I want to do like Jesus,
To mark each passing day,
With deeds of love and mercy,
Or cheer some lonely way;
Speak gentle words of counsel,
Avoid each secret sin,
And to my precious Savior,
The lost ones seek to win.
- 3 I want to live like Jesus,
Whose words with love were fraught;
I want to find his favor—
By him be truly taught.
Oh, then, I'm sure that ever
His hand will guide me on,
Until the heavenly portals
And glory shall be won.

147 I Love to Tell the Story.



- 1 I love to tell the story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love;
I love to tell the story,
Because I know 'tis true;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else can do.
- CHO.—I love, I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my happy theme in glory
To tell the old, old story,
Of Jesus and his love.
- 2 I love to tell the story—
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams;
I love to tell the story—
It did so much for me!
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.
- 3 I love to tell the story,
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet;
I love to tell the story,
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.
- 4 I love to tell the story,
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the New, New Song,
'Twill be the Old, Old Story,
That I have loved so long.

148 Beautiful River.



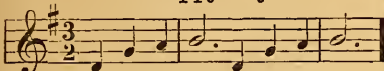
- 1 Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod;
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?
- CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.
- 2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day.
- 3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.
- 4 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

149 No sorrow there. S. M.



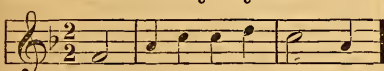
- 1 Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 3 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're march'g thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

150 Happy day.



- 1 Oh happy day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Savior and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 Oh happy bond that seals my vows
To him that merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's and he is mine;
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

151 Missionary Hymn. 7.6.



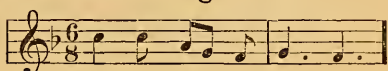
- 1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.
- 3 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

152 Olmutz. S. M.



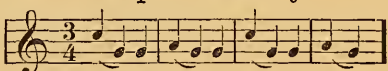
- 1 I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.
- 2 I love thy church, O God,
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend—
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

153 I will Sing for Jesus.



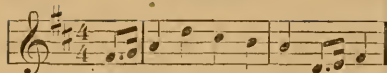
- 1 I will sing for Jesus,
With his blood he bought me;
And all along my pilgrim way,
His loving hand has brought me.
- 2 Can there overtake me
Any dark disaster,
While I sing for Jesus,
My blessed, blessed Master?
- 3 I will sing for Jesus,
His name alone prevailing,
Shall be my sweetest music
When heart and flesh are failing.
- 4 Still I'll sing for Jesus,
Oh, how will I adore him!
Among the cloud of witnesses
Who cast their crowns before him.

154 Depths of Mercy. 7.



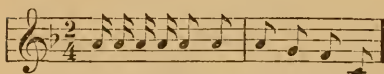
- 1 Depth of mercy, can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
- CHO.—God is love! I know, I feel
Jesus lives and love's me still—
Jesus lives, he lives and loves me still.
- 2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face,
Would not hearken to his calls,
Grieved him by a thousand falls.
 - 3 Now incline me to repent,
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe and sin no more.

155 Christmas. C. M.



- 1 Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high—
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

156 Never be afraid.



- 1 Never be afraid to speak for Jesus,
Think how much a word can do;
Never be afraid to own your Savior,
He who loves and cares for you.

Cho.—Never be afraid,
Never be afraid,
Never, never, never;
Jesus is your loving Savior,
Therefore never be afraid.

- 2 Never be afraid to work for Jesus,
In his vineyard day by day,
Labor with a kind and willing spirit,
He will all your toil repay.
Never be afraid, etc.

- 3 Never be afraid to die for Jesus,
He the life, the truth, the way,
Gently in his arms of love will bear you
To the realms of endless day.
Never be afraid, etc.

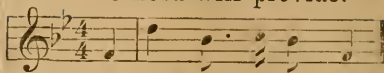
157 Work for the night.



- 1 Work, for the night is coming,
Work thro' the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun,
Work for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

- 2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work thro' the sunny noon,
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

158 The Lord will provide.



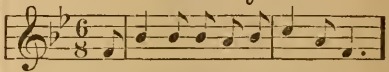
- 1 In some way or other
The Lord will provide;
It may not be *my* way,
It may not be *thy* way,
And yet, in his *own* way,
The Lord will provide.

Cho.—It may not be *my* way,
It may not be *thy* way,
And yet, in his *own* way
The Lord will provide.

- 2 At some time or other
The Lord will provide;
It may not be *my* time,
It may not be *thy* time,
And yet, in his *own* time,
The Lord will provide.

- 3 Despond, then, no longer,
The Lord will provide;
And this be the token—
No word he hath spoken
Was ever yet broken—
The Lord will provide.

159 The Heavenly land.



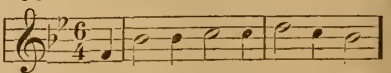
- 1 I love to think of the heavenly land,
Where white-robed angels are;
Where many a friend is gathered safe
From fear, and toil, and care.

REF.—There'll be no parting,
There'll be no parting,
There'll be no parting,
There'll be no parting there.

- 2 I love to think of the heavenly land,
Where my Redeemer reigns.
Where rapturous songs of triumph rise
In endless, joyous strains.

- 3 I love to think of the heavenly land,
The saints' eternal home,
Where palms, and robes, and crowns
ne'er fade,
And all our joys are one.

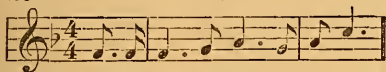
160 Ortonville. C. M.



- 1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppres'd,
And make this last resolve:

- 2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

161 Your Mission.



1 Hark! the voice of Jesus, crying,
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white and harvests waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward he offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, send me, send me?"

2 If you can not cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.
If you can not give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite;
And the least you give for Jesus,
Will be precious in his sight.

3 While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do!"
Take the task he gives you gladly,
Let his work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when he calleth,
"Here am I, send me, send me!"

162 Am I a Soldier? C. M.



1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb;
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

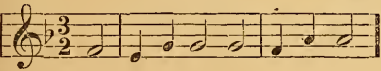
CHORUS.

Let us never mind the scoffs nor the
frowns of the world,
For we all have the cross to bear;
It will only make the crown the brighter
to shine,
When we have the crown to wear.

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face,
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

163 I do Believe. C. M.



1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

CHOR.—I do believe, I now believe,
That Jesus died for me;
And thro' his blood, his precious blood,
I shall from sin be free.

164 Federal Street. L. M.



1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days.

2 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No! when I blush be this my shame—
That I no more revere his name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

165 Webb. 7. 6.

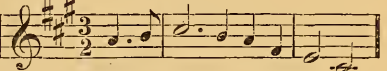


1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross,
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From vict'ry unto vict'ry,
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the gospel armor,
And watching unto prayer
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

166 Autumn. 8. 7.



1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
When the woes of life o'er take me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

2 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds now luster to the day.
Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

INDEX.

Titles in **SMALL CAPS**, First lines in Roman.

	No.		No.
A CHARGE to keep I have	142	D EPTH of mercy, can there be...	154
A few more prayers.....	63	Did Christ o'er sinners weep...	122
A few more sweet communings.....	93	D RAW ME NEARER.....	30
ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOR BLEED	83	Draw nearer, my Savior.....	60
ALL HAIL THE POWER.....	103	E VERY DAY AND HOUR.....	90
AMAZING GRACE.....	78	F AATHER, I stretch my hands....	127
Am I a soldier of the cross.....	162	Father, whate'er of earthly....	125
ANYWHERE WITH THEE.....	20	F ROM EVERY STORMY WIND.....	108
Awake, my soul, in joyful lays.....	144	From Greenland's icy mountains...	151
Awake, my soul, stretch every.....	155	From the hundred sheep.....	68
B EAR THE CROSS FOR JESUS.....	33	G LAD TIDINGS.....	24
BEHOLD A STRANGER AT THE... 107		Gracious Spirit, love divine...	86
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus.....	2	G IVE THY HEART to ME.....	71
BLEST BE THE TIE.....	112	Go and tell Jesus.....	140
Brighter and brighter the way.....	64	God's tender mercy far exceeds....	11
Brightly beams our Father's mercy	56	H AD earth no thorns among.....	92
Bright till our Lord's returning....	17	HALLELUJAH! WHO SHALL... 85	
BRING THY ALL TO JESUS.....	35	Hark! there comes a whisper.....	71
BROAD IS THE ROAD.....	106	Hark! the voice of Jesus, crying..	161
C AST YOUR CARE ON JESUS.....	38	Haste, O sinner, now be wise.	118
Cast your care on Jesus.....	77	Hast Thou, my Master, aught.....	52
Close the heart to all but Jesus.....	35	HE IS COMING OUT TO MEET US.....	36
Come away, O ye thirsty.....	46	He leadeth me	130
Come, come to Jesus.....	59	Helpless I come to Jesus' blood....	55
Come Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove..	132	Here from the world we turn.....	1
Come home, come home.....	69	H OLD IT UP TO THE WORLD.....	57
Come, humble sinner, in whose.....	160	How firm a foundation.....	145
COME IN OUR MIDST.....	48	How sweet the name of Jesus.....	163
COME! SAID JESUS.....	113	I AM coming to the cross.....	115
Come, talk to me of Jesus	89	I I AM SAVED.....	42
COME, THOU FOUNT.....	102	I am thine, O Lord	30
COME TO JESUS.....	99	I AM TRUSTING, LORD, IN THEE....	115
Come, we that love the Lord.....	149	I COME TO THEE.....	5
Come, ye sinners, poor and needy...	119		
CONSECRATE ME, LORD.....	94		
CROWN OF LIFE.....	41		

	No.		No.
I gave my life for thee.....	51	My faith looks up to Thee.....	139
I LOVE THEE.....	82	MY FAITH STILL CLINGS.....	39
I love thy kingdom, Lord.....	152	My hope is built on nothing less ...	126
I LOVE TO HEAR OF JESUS.....	88	My Jesus, I love Thee.....	129
I love to tell the story	147	My sin is great, my strength is weak	39
I love to think of the heavenly.....	159	MY SOUL WILL OVERCOME.....	55
I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.....	58	N EARER, my God, to Thee	124
In some way or other.....	158	NEAR THE CROSS.....	74
IN THAT HAPPY LAND.....	98	Never be afraid to speak for Jesus.	156
In the cross of Christ I glory.....	166	NO ONE KNOWS BUT JESUS.....	13
IN THE VALLEY.....	63	NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF JESUS	7
IN TIME OF NEED	25	Now just a word for Jesus.....	19
Is there trouble in your life.....	38	NOW THE SAVIOR INVITES.....	43
I want to be like Jesus.....	146	O H, cease, my wandering soul... 141	
I want to live for Jesus.....	66	OH, COME AND WORK FOR....	40
I WILL GO AND TELL MY SAVIOR... 27		OH, COME TO CHRIST.....	28
I will sing for Jesus.....	153	Oh, could I find, from day to day... 136	
J ESUS, and shall it ever be..... 164		OH, FOR A CLOSER WALK.....	109
JESUS CALLS THEE.....	29	Oh, for a faith that will not shrink	123
Jesus, gracious One.....	29	Oh, happy day that fixed my.....	150
JESUS, I TURN TO THEE.....	45	OH, TO BE NOTHING.....	73
Jesus, keep me near the cross.....	74	OH, TURN YE, OH, TURN YE.....	114
JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.....	110	OH, LAMB OF GOD, STILL KEEP ME	97
JESUS ONLY.....	18	O Lord! awakened by thy word....	5
Jesus the water of life will give.... 137		Oh, meek and gentle Savior.....	8
JESUS WAITS FOR THEE.....	59	ONE MORE DAY'S WORK FOR JESUS.	31
JUST AS I AM.....	105	ONLY A STEP TO JESUS.....	22
JUST A WORD FOR JESUS.....	19	ONLY JESUS.....	4
K EEP ME, LORD, FOREVER.....	86	Only Thee, my soul's Redeemer....	88
L EAD ME TO JESUS	80	OUR BETTER HOME BEYOND.....	92
LET THE LOWER LIGHTS BE	56	OVERFLOWING EVER.....	14
Lift up thine eyes, weary pris'ner... 6		OVER THE OCEAN WAVE.....	62
LINGER NO LONGER.....	21	P ASS ME NOT.....	79
LIVING FOR JESUS	66	Press on, pilgrim, young tho'... 41	
Lo! a fountain, full and free.....	14	R EACH ME THY HAND.....	96
Lo! an ever-flowing fountain.....	3	RESCUE THE PERISHING.....	84
LORD, AT THY MERCY SEAT.....	61	REST IN THEE.....	2
Lord, I hear of showers of blessings 133		ROCK OF AGES.....	111
LOVING SAVIOR, ONLY THEE.....	88	S AFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS..... 54	
M ASTER, in the vineyard of thy 20		SAVE, OR I PERISH.....	10
MORE FAITHFUL TO THEE	60	Savior, like a shepherd lead us..... 131	
MORE LIKE JESUS.....	67	Savior, more than life to me.....	90
MORE LOVE TO THEE, O CHRIST 76		SAVIOR, WE WAIT FOR THEE.....	81
Must Jesus bear the cross alone.... 117			

	No.		No.
Shall we gather at the river.....	148	THE VOICE OF MERCY.....	6
Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive...	135	Tho' the mist hangs o'er the river..	120
Simply trusting all the way.....	15	Tho' the night be dark and dreary.	47
SO NEAR TO THE KINGDOM.....	53	THO' YOUR SINS BE AS SCARLET.....	44
SPEAK FOR JESUS.....	12	TILL THE SAVIOR COMES.....	17
Stand up, stand up for Jesus.....	165	TO-DAY THE SAVIOR CALLS.....	70
Sweet hour of prayer.....	128	TRUSTING JESUS.....	15
SWEET MOMENTS OF PRAYER.....	1		
T AKE my life and let it be.....	94	W AITING AND WATCHING FOR	87
Take the cross, take the cross...	57	Weak and weary, poor and...	49
Take the name of Jesus with you...	37	We are traveling home.....	98
TAKE THE WINGS OF THE MORNING	16	WEARY ONE, WAND'RING ONE.	75
TELL IT WITH JOY.....	65	WEeping WILL NOT SAVE ME.....	91
TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY.....	95	WE'LL MEET AGAIN.....	93
THE HALF CAN NEVER BE TOLD....	11	WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD... ..	101
THE HEM OF HIS GARMENT.....	49	Were it not for Thee, my Savior...	25
THE LIVING FOUNTAIN.....	3	WE WILL JOURNEY ON.....	64
THE LOST SHEEP.....	68	What a friend we have in Jesus...	116
THE MISTAKES OF MY LIFE.....	50	What can wash away my stain.....	7
The morning light is breaking.....	143	WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME... .	51
THE PENITENT'S PRAYER.....	8	What means this eager, anxious....	138
THE PRECIOUS NAME.....	37	What tho' clouds are hov'ring o'er.	18
THE PRODIGAL CHILD.....	69	When Jesus comes to reward.....	32
THERE ARE ANGELS HOV'RING.....	72	When my final farewell.....	87
THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.....	100	When we turn to God and leave...	36
THERE IS A NAME I LOVE.....	104	WHERE SHALL I WORK TO-DAY... .	54
There is no name so sweet on earth	134	WHO'LL BE THE NEXT.....	23
THERE IS NONE LIKE JESUS.....	77	WHOSOEVER WILL.....	46
THERE'LL BE JOY BY AND BY.....	47	WHY WEEPEST THOU.....	26
THERE'S A GENTLE VOICE.....	9	WILL JESUS FIND US WATCHING... .	32
THERE'S A SONG IN HEAVEN FOR...	34	Work, for the night is coming.....	157
The Spirit in our hearts.....	121	Wrecked on the billow.....	10

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
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